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INFIDELS *and* HERETICS



CLARENCE DARROW
and WALLACE RICE

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INFIDELS
and
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Knowledge is the knowing that we cannot know.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

INFIDELS AND HERETICS

An Agnostic's Anthology

By

CLARENCE DARROW
and WALLACE RICE



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and
HERETICS

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INTRODUCTION

Introduction

FEW words which have come into general use have had a more definite origin or have been designed for a more definite purpose than the word "agnostic." Yet even with this there are differences of opinion.

Thomas Henry Huxley, unquestionably its originator, states: "I . . . invented the title of 'agnostic.' It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the 'gnostic' of Church history, who professed to know so very much."

Richard Holt Hutton states, with equal assurance as a witness, that the word was "suggested by Professor Huxley at a party held previous to the formation of the now defunct Metaphysical Society, at Mr. James Knowles's house on Clapham Common, one evening in 1869, in my hearing. He took it from St. Paul's mention of the altar to 'the Unknown God.' "

Doctor Wilhelm Bousset, D.Th., defines "gnostic" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* thus: "Among the followers of the movement 'Gnosis' was understood not as meaning 'knowledge' or 'understanding,' but 'revelation.' These little Gnostic sects and groups all lived in the conviction that they possessed a secret and mysterious knowledge . . . not based on reflection, on scientific enquiry and proof, but on revelation. . . . All alike boast a mystic revelation and a deeply veiled wisdom." Basing his position on human revelation, never upon "divine," Huxley chose wisely and well.

The reference made by Hutton is to the Acts of the Apostles, chapter xvii, verses 22 and 23: "Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him I declare unto you."

There is both a distinction and a difference here. Huxley

disclaims anything in the nature of a special or "divine" revelation susceptible of proof, either to him or to others, and neither affirms nor denies the existence of a God; his term, as Webster notes, "emphasizes the suggestion of suspended judgment." Hutton, on the other hand, is announcing a positive belief in God, however unknown, as an object of worship.

Somewhat later George John Romanes carried the idea further, saying, "By 'Agnosticism' I understand a theory of things which abstains from either affirming or denying the existence of God. It thus represents, with regard to Theism, a state of suspended judgment, and all it undertakes to affirm is, that, upon existing evidence, the being of God is unknown. But the term 'Agnosticism' is frequently used in a widely different sense, as implying that the being of God is not merely now unknown, but must always remain unknowable."

Any word in general use, however closely defined for a special use, is bound to acquire connotations, and these are adequately summed up by Webster under "Agnosticism," as follows: "1. The doctrine that neither the nature nor existence of God, nor the ultimate character of the universe (that is, whether it is material or ideal) is knowable. 2. Any doctrine which, while professing belief in God's existence, denies to a greater or less extent the knowableness of his nature. Thus Mansel held that man is compelled to believe in God's infinite being though he is unable to comprehend it. Spencer's agnosticism is of this type, affirming, as it does, the existence of an Unknowable. 3. Any doctrine which affirms the impossibility of any true knowledge from the fact that all knowledge is relative and uncertain. It may arise from belief in the relativity of knowledge either as revealed in perception of sensible phenomena, or as shown in the element of error in abstract conceptions."

To this Stormonth adds that "Agnosticism" is "The doctrine of those who believe that God *does not* know all things,

or that God cannot be known; the religion of unknowableness"; while "Agnostic" signifies "one who believes and teaches that God is not omniscient; one who holds that God cannot be known, and that nothing can be known save by experience."

"Agnostic" has come to identify itself in significance popularly with "sceptic," as Webster's third definition suggests, and Stormonth's denies. The difference, at first, in any event, went deeper. An agnostic, like Huxley, accepts the reality of objective phenomena and professes willingness to believe in God if due proof of his existence is forthcoming. An agnostic, like Spencer, as Hutton further says, is among those who "usually prefer to describe their state of mind as a sort of know-nothingism or agnosticism, a belief in an unknown and unknowable God."

The New English, or Oxford, Dictionary says that an agnostic is "One who holds that the existence of anything beyond and behind material phenomena is unknown and (so far as can be judged) unknowable, and especially that a First Cause and an unseen world are subjects of which we know nothing." The Encyclopædia Britannica states: "Agnostic, a word introduced recently into religious terminology to describe a person whose faith is not of a nature to enable him to feel with certainty the truth of any spiritual or supernatural proposition—in other words, he *does not know*—hence does not believe or disbelieve. He is not an aggressive infidel, but a passive indifferentist, who neither denies nor affirms." The Imperial defines an "agnostic" as "One of those persons who disclaims any knowledge of God or of the origin of the universe or of anything but material phenomena, holding that with respect to such matters nothing can be known."

But a sceptic's attitude goes much deeper. He is a doubter of all knowledge, as under the third definition of Webster previously cited, whether of the reality of objective phenomena or of so-called "divine" revelation. Hume is the great

modern instance, and Huxley himself has confused the issue in his essay on Hume by saying that his doctrine is "called Agnosticism, from its profession of an incapacity to discover the indispensable conditions of either positive or negative knowledge."

A useful summary for those who are trying to think clearly can be found in Webster's list of synonyms, as follows: "*Infidel*, in modern popular usage, is a term of reproach for one who avowedly denies the tenets of Christianity and the truth of the Scriptures. *Freethinker* varies in connotation with the point of view, implying warranted freedom of thought or pernicious license of opinion, according as the name is voluntarily assumed or is applied in reproach. *Sceptic*, as here compared, emphasizes the suggestion of doubt; *agnostic* that of suspended judgment. *Unbeliever* is commonly opposed to *believer* (in the somewhat esoteric sense), and is virtually equivalent to *disbeliever*; it is a term of less opprobrium than *infidel*, and suggests more a personal, less a purely intellectual, attitude towards Christianity than *sceptic*, *agnostic*, or *freethinker*. An *atheist* is one who denies the existence of God. *Deist*, in earlier usage often synonymous with *infidel*, is now used only of an adherent of deism."

Whatever the lack of precise agreement in defining this characteristically modern scientific attitude, it must be plain that any conception of God involved in it is at odds with the accepted significance of Deity as held immemorially. Whether, with the book of Genesis and its two irreconcilable statements of the nature of God and of man created as in the image of God, or with Protagoras we agree that

"Man is the measure of all that is:
All loves and lives and gods are his,"

summed up sententiously by Ingersoll in his parody "An honest God's the noblest work of man," agnostic and sceptic alike have abandoned the idea of a beneficent Providence which interferes with natural laws for the good, immediate or eventual, of mankind.

In other words, Matthew Arnold's statement that God is "The enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," is modernly conceived as a series of natural laws, imperfectly understood, whereby man's adaptation to mundane conditions is held to be the result of slowly developing conditions under such laws, which is evolution. God as a person in any sense resembling the person we know as Man, Divine Providence as a manifestation of Man's preferred position in the universe, are no longer thought tenable or reasonable. Witness the lines of William Herbert Carruth:

"A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell—
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod;
Some call it EVOLUTION,
And some call it GOD."

But such a God, or a God held to be the personification of natural law, or its origin or embodiment, is plainly not the God of our fathers; he is not divinely, but humanly, revealed to us.

This attitude in general, it is noteworthy, is that of Epicurus. Nothing in that great philosopher's teachings so roused the wrath of his highly "moral" adversaries, the Stoics, as his disbelief in Divine Providence. Not even his belief that man should not refrain from evil through fear of punishment beyond, or do good in the hope of eventual reward, led to such misinterpretation and antagonism; and history is again repeating itself today.

Agnosticism, in its general postulation that such proof as we already have of the reality of objective phenomena as shown in the results of scientific research, makes no positive statements regarding life beyond the grave, whether in heaven, purgatory, or hell. It demands proof, sees no scientific proof forthcoming, and in its absence refuses to accept what

it regards as blind belief. Sir Leslie Stephen, in this connection, notes that "mystery" is the theological equivalent of the agnostic term "unknowable," and interesting proofs of the identity of the two attitudes may be found among the poems hereinafter quoted, some of them by noted religionaries. The words said to have been the last uttered by Rabelais are certainly agnostic: "I am going to seek a Great May-Be." Long, long before, the alternatives beyond the grave which Socrates placed before his judges in his *Apologia*, were even more markedly so. And from it we may learn the needed lesson, that a good man has nothing to fear, here or hereafter.

For the profoundly changed attitude which lies back of modern thought, this refusal to accept personal concept of Deity, or a Divine Providence beneficently inclined toward the affairs of mankind, or a belief in heavenly rewards or hellish punishments, or a power not ourselves making for righteousness or a power, the devil, making for evil, it will be readily conceded that the ideas involved in the word "evolution," however conceived, are chiefly, if not wholly, responsible. These intelligently account, however partially, for myriads of facts not previously held susceptible of rational explanation, and by so much diminish the need for accepting undemonstrable dogmas attributed to divine origins. Proof that such is the fact may be found in the fundamentalist attitude, which prefers unthinkingly to hang upon the mere statements of the ancient myths of a semi-barbarous people centuries ago, which still contained the best scientific knowledge of that ancient and outgrown day, than to entertain any of the innumerable and demonstrable proofs afforded by the science of our own civilization, of our own thinkers, of our own day.

This the religionaries do with minds obstinately closed, even though their scriptures themselves tell the story of such an evolution of the idea of God as cannot be elsewhere found in literature, sacred or profane; the line is strictly drawn at any acceptance of evolution as touching upon the origin of

man or of his fundamental relation toward Deity or natural law, as the case may be. Yet one still hears from them that "God is Love," which is little more than Schopenhauer's "Will to Live," that "God is Law," which would make scientific laws our Bible, and that "God is Omnipotent," which would identify him with energy as scientifically conceived.

Nevertheless today, evolution, the solid basis of modern knowledge and thought, and so to speak the liquid basis of an agnosticism of narrowing frontiers, is so generally, so universally accepted that no religionary, however closed his mind, can go unaffected by its theoretical and practical applications, which are those of science. Even *mores* and morals, notoriously unchanged by intelligence through the ages, are everywhere being reëxamined and revised in the light of scientific discoveries. And we now know the pitiful history of the persistent struggle between science and religious dogma, between knowledge and ignorance, in which dogma has inevitably been put to ignominious rout. In it we find a greater hope for the future of mankind than any prophet ever foretold or any savior dreamt of securing.

The result of this universality of acceptance is the chief embarrassment in making such a compilation as this seeks to be. In it can only be included the comparatively few excerpts which tell the story of the beginnings of agnosticism, and instances of their development in successive stages to contemporary thinking, which are necessarily few in comparison with the amplitude of the material at hand.

For it is no exaggeration to say that from the popular magazines of the best class printed in English every year for many years an aggregation of extracts equally pertinent could be collected which would fill a volume equally large. We know that even among the comparatively thoughtless and ignorant, evolution and its consequent agnosticism has largely taken the place of theological dogma and inherited or otherwise adventitiously acquired creeds with thousands who have what George Tyrrell calls an "impatient attitude for the

comfort and self-complacency of a certitude." Indeed, when every scientific discovery and invention enlarges our intellectual and spiritual horizon and affords a new point of view, certitudes dim and evanish, and the arrogance of ancient dogma dies of its own inertia. We do not know, we shall never know in the sense in which they held truth, but we at least can learn, assured that the more we learn the more we shall find to learn. Our mental and spiritual bonds are burst.

From one of the magazines referred to above, *The Forum* for July, 1928, an editorial statement will justify this position: "Emerson once wrote to Thomas Carlyle and informed him that Margaret Fuller had decided to accept the universe; whereupon the canny Scot replied, 'By gad, she'd better!' So it is with the theory of evolution. . . . It is not a question of whether we shall accept evolution as truth. It is simply a question of 'By gad, we'd better!' The alternative is that fossilization of the intellect which most certainly overtakes the stand-pat mind in a world of changing, shifting values." Once we have learnt from science that nothing held evil today has not in historic time been held good, that nothing held good today has not similarly been held evil, what else can we do but seek new truth as we examine the exploded truths of humankind?

So true is this that the agnostic is now doing what the theologian has steadfastly refused to do: to seek for ourselves such a reconciliation of evolutionary truth and the natural reverence for right living implicit in human nature as will enable us to live our lives more worthily and more happily. We are no longer committed to a conjectural Hereafter which is to be a sufficient recompense for all mortal misery, even to the extent which actually threatens with hell those who attempt to eliminate misery now and substitute for it a rational joy. The scientific mind, as strictly temperate as that of Epicurus, seeks its happiness here, and says with Sir Leslie Stephen "What part of our life, if any, has been well

spent? To that I find it convenient to reply, for my own purposes, any part in which I thoroughly enjoyed myself." Certainly science, evolutionary science, is making our world a better and better place to live in, as it is giving us greater length of life in which to better it. Reflect upon the passing belief in hell and its effects upon both gods and men.

"Spiritual" has always signified, as the dictionaries say, "of or pertaining to the intellectual and higher endowments of the mind." Here, freed from immemorial chains, we are finding our highest happiness. Our age demands such a respect for the body in wiping out the ancient separation of body and mind and soul, and has taught us such ways to care for it and bring it into its true importance as our world has not suspected since faded away "the glory that was Greece." Science in industry and the material arts gives us more, even, than Greece at its best could know, in leisure for research and widely shared comfort, even luxury. We find ourself complete, a sane mind and a sane body identical, and we are now realizing ourselves in a sense that Terence could not have dreamt when he said, "I am a man; and I think that nothing dealing with mankind is foreign to me."

For the rest, be assured that the wide reading of two long lives has gone into the making of this book. Its prose, confessedly incomplete, will, it is hoped, be still thought sufficiently representative of the enormously greater whole from which it is drawn. Somewhat more nearly complete is the representation in verse, which speaks for itself, however inadequately. It is the fond conviction of the compilers that the reader of it will find himself at its conclusion in agreement with Walt Whitman's great statement in "The Song of Myself":

I am an acme of things accomplish'd, and I am an
encloser of things to be.

My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs;
On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches be-
tween the steps.

All below duly travel'd, and still I mount and mount.
Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me;
Afar down I see the first huge Nothing. I know I was
even there,
I waited unseen and always, and slept through the
lethargic mist,
And took my time and took no hurt from the fetid
carbon.
Long was I hugg'd close—long and long.
Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that have help'd me.
Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing, and rowing like cheer-
ful boatmen;
For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings—
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.
Before I was born out of my mother generations guided
me,
My embryo has never been torpid, nothing could over-
lay it.
For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths and
deposited it with care.
All forces have been steadily employ'd to complete and
delight me,
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

Chicago, September, 1928.

I

FOUNDATION STONES

I

FOUNDATION STONES

“Agnosticism”

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

When I reached intellectual maturity, and began to ask myself whether I was an atheist, a theist, or a pantheist, a materialist or an idealist, a Christian or a freethinker, I found that the more I learned and reflected, the less ready was the answer. The one thing upon which most of these good people were agreed was the one thing in which I differed from them. They were quite sure they had attained a certain “gnosis”—had more or less successfully solved the problem of existence; while I was quite sure that I had not, and had a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble. This was my situation when I had the good fortune to find a place among the members of that remarkable confraternity of antagonists, the Metaphysical Society. Every variety of philosophical and theological opinion was represented there; most of my colleagues were *-ists* of one sort or another; and I, the man without a rag of belief to cover himself with, could not fail to have some of the uneasy feelings which must have beset the historical fox when, after leaving the trap in which his tail remained, he presented himself to his normally elongated companions. So I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of “agnostic.” It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the “gnostic” of Church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant. To my great satisfaction the term took.

“Agnosticism” Misused

HUGH CHISHOLM

Agnosticism really rests on the doctrine of the Unknowable, the assertion that concerning certain objects—among them the Deity—we never can have any “scientific” ground for belief. This way of solving, or passing over, the ultimate problems of thought has had many followers in cultured circles imbued with the new physical science of the day, and with disgust for the dogmatic creeds of contemporary orthodoxy; and its outspoken and aggressive vindication by physicists of the eminence of Huxley had a potent influence upon the attitude taken towards metaphysics, and upon the form which subsequent Christian apologetics adopted. As a nickname the term “agnostic” was soon misused to cover any and every variety of scepticism, and just as popular preachers confused it with atheism in their denunciations, so the callow freethinker—following Tennyson’s path of “honest doubt”—classed himself with the agnostics, even when he combined an instinctively Christian theism with a facile rejection of the historical evidences for Christianity.

Natural Selection

CHARLES DARWIN

Natural selection follows from the struggle for existence; and this from a rapid rate of increase. It is impossible not to regret bitterly, but whether wisely is another question, the rate at which man tends to increase; for this leads in barbarous tribes to infanticide and many other evils, and in civilized nations to abject poverty, celibacy, and to the late marriages of the prudent. But as man suffers from the same physical evils as the lower animals, he has no right to expect an immunity from the evils consequent on the struggle for existence. Had he not been subjected during primeval times to natural selection, assuredly he would never have attained to

his present rank. Since we see in many parts of the world enormous areas of the most fertile land capable of supporting numerous happy homes, but peopled only by a few wandering savages, it might be argued that the struggle for existence had not been sufficiently severe to force man upwards to his highest standard. Judging from all we know of man and the lower animals, there has always been sufficient variability in their intellectual and moral faculties, for a steady advance through natural selection. No doubt such advance demands many favorable concurrent circumstances; but it may well be doubted whether the most favorable would have sufficed, had not the rate of increase been rapid, and the consequent struggle for existence extremely severe. It even appears from what we see, for instance, in parts of South America, that a people which may be called civilized, such as the Spanish settlers, is liable to become indolent and to retrograde, when the conditions of life are very easy. With highly civilized nations continued progress depends in a subordinate degree on natural selection; for such nations do not supplant and exterminate one another as do savage tribes. Nevertheless the more intelligent members within the same community will succeed better in the long run than the inferior, and leave a more numerous progeny, and this is a form of natural selection. The more efficient causes of progress seem to consist of a good education during youth whilst the brain is impressible, and of a high standard of excellence, inculcated by the ablest and best men, embodied in the laws, customs, and traditions of the nation, and enforced by public opinion. It should, however, be borne in mind, that the enforcement of public opinion depends upon our appreciation of the approbation and disapprobation of others; and this appreciation is founded on our sympathy, which it can hardly be doubted was originally developed through natural selection as one of the most important elements of the social instincts.

The Unknowable

HERBERT SPENCER

Let us recognize whatever of permanent good there is in persistent attempts to frame conceptions of that which cannot be conceived. From the beginning it has been only through the successive failures of such conceptions to satisfy the mind, that higher and higher ones have been gradually reached; and doubtless, the conceptions now current are indispensable as transitional modes of thought. Even more than this may be willingly conceded. It is possible, nay probable, that under their most abstract forms ideas of this order will always continue to occupy the background of our consciousness. Very likely there will ever remain a need to give shape to that indefinite sense of an Ultimate Existence, which forms the basis of our intelligence. We shall always be under the necessity of contemplating it as *some* mode of thought, however vague. And we shall not err in doing this so long as we treat every notion we thus frame as merely a symbol. Perhaps the constant formation of such symbols and constant rejection of them as inadequate, may be hereafter, as it has hitherto been, a means of discipline. Perpetually to construct ideas requiring the utmost stretch of our faculties, and perpetually to find that such ideas must be abandoned as futile imaginations, may realize to us more fully than any other course, the greatness of that which we vainly try to grasp. By continually seeking to know and by being continually thrown back with a deepened conviction of the impossibility of knowing, we may keep alive the consciousness that it is alike our highest wisdom and our highest duty to regard that through which all things exist as The Unknowable.

The Unknowable

WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD

It is said that space must either be infinite or have a boundary. Now you cannot conceive infinite space; and you cannot conceive that there should be any end to it. Here, then, are two things, one of which must be true, while each of them is inconceivable; so that our thoughts about space are hedged in, as it were, by a contradiction. Again, it is said that matter must either be infinitely divisible, or must consist of small particles incapable of further division. Now you cannot conceive of a piece of matter divided into an infinite number of parts, while, on the other hand, you cannot conceive a piece of matter, however small, which absolutely cannot be divided into two pieces; for, however great the forces which are to join the parts of it together, you can imagine stronger forces able to tear it to pieces.

Here, again, there are two statements, one of which must be true, while each of them is separately inconceivable; so that our thoughts about matter also are hedged in by a contradiction. There are several other cases of the same thing, but I have selected these two as instructive examples. And the conclusion to which philosophers were led by the contemplation of them was that on every side, when we approach the limits of existence, a contradiction must stare us in the face. The doctrine has been developed and extended by the great successors of Kant; and this unreasonable, or unknowable, which is also called the absolute and the unconditioned, has been set forth in various ways as that which we know to be the true basis of all things.

I approach this doctrine with all the reverence which should be felt for that which has guided the thoughts of so many of the wisest of mankind. Nevertheless I shall endeavor

to show that in these cases of supposed contradiction there is always something which we do not know now, but of which we cannot be sure that we shall be ignorant next year. The doctrine is an attempt to found a positive statement upon this ignorance, which can hardly be regarded as justifiable. Spinoza said, "A free man thinks of nothing so little as of death"; it seems to me we may parallel this maxim in the case of thought, and say, "A wise man only remembers his ignorance in order to destroy it."

The Unknown God

SIR OLIVER LODGE

The Unknown God cannot forever, nor for long, be an object of rational worship. The intellectual business of the human race, and of scientific investigators, is to attack the Unknown and to make it, as far as possible, gradually known. Never completely known, nor at all adequately known, but never unknowable. Infinite things cannot be grasped by finite comprehension—in that sense unknowable, but in no other. The universe itself is unknowable, in the sense of being infinite; but the human aspect of it is open to our examination and comprehension—with that we have kinship and instinctive affinities—and it would only confuse the issue, and muddy the stream of scientific exploration, if we were to start on our quest with the idea that anything whatever was in any real and practical sense "unknowable."

To be able to ask a question is the first step towards getting an answer. There must be myriads of things in the universe about which it has never occurred to a human being to formulate any sort of idea. Those truly are outside of our present ken; but anything of which we can discourse and think—that is on the way, by patience and perseverance and rigorous care and truthfulness, to become known.

An Agnostic Race

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

The race collectively is agnostic, whatever may be the case with individuals. Newton might be certain of the truth of his doctrines, whilst other thinkers were still convinced of their falsity. It could not be said that the doctrines were certainly true, so long as they were doubted in good faith by competent reasoners. Newman may be as much convinced of the truth of his theology as Professor Huxley of its error. But speaking of the race, and not of the individual, there is no plainer fact in history than the fact that hitherto no knowledge has been obtained. There is not a single proof of natural theology of which the negative has not been maintained as vigorously as the affirmative.

The Challenge of the Unknown

JOHN DEWEY

One important incident of the new science was the destruction of the idea that the earth is the center of the universe. When the idea of a fixed center went, there went with it the idea of a closed universe and a circumscribing heavenly boundary. To the Greek sense, just because its theory of knowing was dominated by esthetic considerations, the finite was the perfect. Literally, the finite was the finished, the ended, the completed, that with no ragged edges and unaccountable operations. The infinite or limitless was lacking in character just because it was in-finite. Being everything, it was nothing. It was unformed and chaotic, uncontrolled and unruly, the source of incalculable deviations and accidents. Our present feeling that associates infinity with boundless power, with capacity for expansion that knows no end, with the delight in a progress that has no external limit, would be incomprehensible were it not that interest has shifted from the esthetic to the practical; from interest in beholding a harmonious

and complete scene to interest in transforming an inharmonious one. One has only to read the authors of the transition period, says Giordano Bruno, to realize what a pent-in, suffocating sensation they associated with a closed, finite world, and what a feeling of exhilaration, expansion, and boundless possibility was aroused in them by the thought of a world infinite in stretch of space and time, and composed internally of infinitesimal infinitely numerous elements. That which the Greeks withdrew from with repulsion they welcomed with an intoxicated sense of adventure. The infinite meant, it was true, something forever untraversed even by thought, and hence something forever unknown—no matter how great attainment in learning. But this “forever unknown” instead of being chilling and repelling was now an inspiring challenge to ever-renewed inquiry, and an assurance of inexhaustible possibilities of progress.

Gnostic Pride

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

The Gnostics rejoice in their knowledge. Have they anything to tell us? They rebuke what they call the “pride of reason” in the name of a still more exalted pride. The scientific reasoner is arrogant because he sets limits to the faculty which he trusts, and denies the existence of any other faculty. They are humble because they dare to tread in the regions which he declares to be inaccessible. But without bandying such accusations, or asking which pride is the greatest, the Gnostics are at least bound to show some ostensible justification for their complacency. Have they discovered a firm resting-place from which they are entitled to look down in compassion or contempt upon those who hold it to be a mere edifice of moonshine? If they have diminished by a scruple the weight of one passing doubt, we should be grateful: perhaps we should be converts. If not, why condemn Agnosticism?

Theology and Science

JOHN W. DRAPER

Unhappily, and, it may be added, unnecessarily, there has arisen an apparent antagonism between Theology and Science. Tradition has been made to confront discovery. Now, the discussion and correct appreciation of any new scientific fact requires a special training, a special stock of knowledge. That training, that knowledge, is not to be had in theological seminaries. The clergyman is thus constrained to view with jealous distrust the rapid advancement of practical knowledge. In the case of any new fact, his inquiry necessarily is not whether it is absolutely true, but whether it is in accordance with conceptions he considers established. The result of this condition of things is, that many of the most important, the most powerful and exact branches of human knowledge, have been forced into a position they never would have voluntarily assumed, and have been compelled to put themselves on their defence—Astronomy, in the case of the globular form of the earth, and its position as a subordinate planet; Geology, as respects its vast antiquity; Zoölogy, on the problem of the origin of species; Chemistry, on the unchangeability of matter and the indestructibility of force.

Forgotten Tools

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

The sect which requires to be encountered in these days is not one which boggles over the *filioque*, but certain successors of those Ephesians who told Paul that they did not even know "whether there were any Holy Ghost." But it explains some modern phenomena when we find that the leaders of theology hope to reconcile faith and reason, and to show that the old symbols have still a right to the allegiance of our

heart and brains, by putting forth these portentous propositions. We are struggling with hard facts, and they would arm us with the forgotten tools of scholasticism. We wish for spiritual food, and are to be put off with these ancient mummeries of forgotten dogma. If Agnosticism is the frame of mind which summarily rejects these imbecilities, and would restrain the human intellect from wasting its powers on the attempt to galvanize into sham activity this *caput mortuum* of old theology, nobody need be afraid of the name. Argument against such adversaries would be itself a foolish waste of time.

Useless Natural Structures

WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD

Cases are found of wonderfully complicated structures that served no purpose at all; like the teeth . . . of the Dugong, which has a horny plate covering them all up and used instead of them; like the eyes of the unborn mole, that are never used, though perfect as those of a mouse until the skull opening closes up, cutting them off from the brain, when they dry up and become incapable of use; like the outside of your own ears, which are absolutely of no use to you. And when human contrivances were more advanced it became clear that the natural adaptations were subject to criticism. The eye, regarded as an optical instrument of human manufacture, was thus described by Helmholtz—the physiologist who learned physics for the sake of his physiology, and mathematics for the sake of his physics, and is now in the first rank of all three. He said, “If an optician sent me that as an instrument, I should send it back to him with grave reproaches for the carelessness of his work, and demand the return of my money.”

Insoluble Doubt

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

One insoluble doubt has haunted men's minds since thought began in the world. No answer has ever been suggested. One school of philosophers hands it to the next. It is denied in one form only to reappear in another. The question is not which system excludes the doubt, but how it expresses the doubt. Admit or deny the competence of reason in theory, we all agree that it fails in practice. Theologians revile reason as much as Agnostics; they then appeal to it, and it decides against them. They amend their plea by excluding certain questions from its jurisdiction, and those questions include the whole difficulty. They go to revelation, and revelation replies by calling doubt, mystery. They declare that their consciousness declares just what they want it to declare. Ours declares something else. Who is to decide? The only appeal is to experience, and to appeal to experience is to admit the fundamental dogma of Agnosticism.

First Principles

SAMUEL BUTLER

It is said we can build no superstructure without a foundation of unshakable principles. There are no such principles. Or, if there be any, they are beyond our reach—we cannot fathom them; therefore, *qua* us, they have no existence, for there is no other "is not" than inconceivableness by ourselves. There is one thing certain, namely, that we can have nothing certain. We are as men who will insist on looking over the brink of a precipice; some few can gaze into the abyss below without losing their heads, but most men will grow dizzy and fall. The only thing to do is to glance at the chaos on which our thoughts are founded, recognize that it

is a chaos and that, in the nature of things, no theoretically firm ground is even conceivable, and then to turn aside with the disgust, fear, and horror of one who has been looking into his own entrails.

Even Euclid cannot lay a demonstrable premise, he requires postulates and axioms which transcend demonstration and without which he can do nothing. His superstructure is demonstration, his ground is faith. And so his *ultima ratio* is to tell a man that he is a fool by saying "Which is absurd." If his opponent chooses to hold out in spite of this, Euclid can do no more. Faith and authority are as necessary for him as for anyone else. True, he does not want us to believe very much; his yoke is tolerably easy, and he will not call a man a fool until he will have public opinion generally on his side; but none the less does he begin with dogmatism and end with persecution.

There is nothing one cannot wrangle about. Sensible people will agree to a middle course founded upon a few general axioms and propositions about which, right or wrong, they will not think it worth while to wrangle for some time, and those who reject these can be put into mad-houses. The middle way may be as full of hidden rocks as the other ways are of manifest ones, but it is the pleasantest while we can keep to it and the dangers, being hidden, are less alarming.

In practice it is seldom very hard to do one's duty when one knows what it is, but it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to find this out. The difficulty is, however, often reducible into that of knowing what gives one pleasure, and this, though difficult, is a safer guide and more easily distinguished. In all cases of doubt, the promptings of a kindly disposition are more trustworthy than the conclusions of logic, and sense is better than science.

Why I should have been at the pains to write such truisms I know not.

World-Beginnings for Children

WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD

Besides the nebular hypothesis, there are other doctrines about the origin of the world which it seems undesirable to have taught to our children. One is an account of a wet beginning of things, after which the waters were divided by a firm canopy of sky, and the dry land appeared underneath. Plants, and animals, and men, were successively formed by the word of a deity enthroned above the canopy. Another account is of a dry beginning of things, namely a garden, subsequently watered by a mist, in which there were no plants until a man was put there to till it. This man was made from the dust by a deity, who walked about on the earth, and had divine associates, jealous of the man for sharing their privilege of knowing good from evil, and fearful that he would gain that of immortality also. The deity had taken a rib out of the man, and made a woman of it.

I do not see that we should mind the teaching of these stories, so long as others are taught along with them, such as that of the Chaldee God Bel, who cut off his head, moistened the clay with his blood, and then made men out of it; or of the Gods of our own race, Odin, Vale, and Ve, who walked about the earth until they found two trees, one of which they made into a man, and the other into a woman; or of Deucalion and Pyrrha, who threw stones over their heads, which became men and women. As soon as ever they can understand them children may be taught the reasons why the first two stories are quite different from the others, and, though contradictory, both of them true; as, for example, the nature of the evidence which connects or disconnects the stories with Moses, and that which proves that Moses knew anything about the origin of the world. But we ought not, I think, to allow either of these stories to be taught to our children *as a known fact*. It will be better to prepare them that they may by-and-by understand the attitude of the lover of truth towards these problems.

II

THE DEPTHS OF THOUGHT

II

THE DEPTHS OF THOUGHT

On the Death of a Metaphysician

GEORGE SANTAYANA

Unhappy dreamer, who outwinged in flight
The pleasant region of the things I love,
And soared beyond the sunshine, and above
The golden cornfields and the dear and bright
Warmth of the hearth,—blasphemer of delight,
Was your proud bosom not at peace with Jove,
That you sought, thankless for his guarded grove,
The empty horror of abysmal night?

Ah, the thin air is cold above the moon!
I stood and saw you fall, befooled in death,
As, in your numb'd spirit's fatal swoon,
You cried you were a god, or were to be;
I heard with feeble moan your boastful breath
Bubble from depths of the Icarian sea.

No Shame in Ignorance

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

You tell us to be ashamed of professing ignorance. Where is the shame of ignorance in matters still involved in endless and hopeless controversy? Why should a lad who has just run the gauntlet of examinations and escaped to a country parsonage be dogmatic, when his dogmas are denounced as erroneous by half of the philosophers of the world? What theory of the universe am I to accept as demonstrably established? At the very earliest dawn of philosophy men were divided by earlier forms of the same problems that divide

them now. Shall I be a Platonist or an Aristotelian? Shall I admit or deny the existence of innate ideas? Shall I believe in the possibility or in the impossibility of transcending experience? Go to the medieval philosophy, says one controversialist. To which medieval philosophy, pray? Shall I be a nominalist or a realist? And why should I believe you rather than the great thinkers of the seventeenth century, who agreed with one accord that the first condition of intellectual progress was the destruction of that philosophy? There would be no difficulty if it were a question of physical science. I might believe in Galileo and Newton and their successors down to Adams and Leverrier without hesitation, because they all substantially agree. But when men deal with the old problems there are still the old doubts. Shall I believe in Hobbes or in Descartes? Can I stop where Descartes stopped, or must I go on to Spinoza? Or shall I follow Locke's guidance, and end with Hume's scepticism? Or listen to Kant, and, if so, shall I decide that he is right in destroying theology, or in reconstructing it, or in both performances? Does Hegel hold the key of the secret, or is he a mere spinner of jargon? May not Feuerback or Schopenhauer represent the true development of metaphysical inquiry? Shall I put faith in Hamilton and Mansel, and, if so, shall I read their conclusions by the help of Mr. Spencer, or shall I believe in Mill or in Green? State any one proposition in which all philosophers agree, and I will admit it to be true; or any one which has a manifest balance of authority, and I will agree that it is probable. But so long as every philosopher flatly contradicts the first principles of his predecessors, why affect certainty? The only agreement I can discover is, that there is no philosopher of whom his opponents have not said that his opinions lead logically either to Pantheism or to Atheism.

Knowledge of Ignorance

WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD

If I must choose among them (hypotheses concerning sense perceptions,) I take the "law of parsimony" for my guide, and select the simplest—namely, that the sensation is the direct effect of the mode of motion of the sensorium. It may justly be said that this is not the slightest explanation of sensation; but then am I really any the wiser, if I say that a sensation is an activity (of which I know nothing) of a substance of mind (of which I also know nothing)? Or, if I say that the Deity causes the sensation to arise in my mind immediately after He has caused the particles of the sensorium to move in a certain way, is anything gained? As such, it is an ultimate fact and inexplicable; and all that we can hope to find out about it, and that indeed is worth finding out, is its relation to other natural facts. That relation appears to me to be sufficiently expressed, for all practical purposes, by saying that sensation is the invariable consequent of certain changes in the sensorium—or, in other words, that, so far as we know, the change in the sensorium is the cause of the sensation.

I permit myself to imagine that the untutored, if noble, savage of "common sense" who has been misled into reading thus far by the hope of getting positive solid information about sensation, giving way to not unnatural irritation, may here interpolate: "The upshot of all this long disquisition is that we are profoundly ignorant. We knew that to begin with, and you have merely furnished another example of the emptiness and uselessness of metaphysics." But I venture to reply, Pardon me, you were ignorant, but you did not know it. On the contrary, you thought you knew a great deal and were quite satisfied with the particularly absurd metaphysical notions which you were pleased to call the teachings of common sense. You thought that your sensations were properties of external things, and had an existence outside of yourself.

You thought that you knew more about material than you do about immaterial existences. And if, as a wise man has assured us, the knowledge of what we don't know is the next best thing to the knowledge of what we do know, this brief excursion into the province of philosophy has been highly profitable.

Of all the dangerous mental habits, that which schoolboys call "cocksureness" is probably the most perilous; and the inestimable value of metaphysical discipline is that it furnishes an effectual counterpoise to this evil proclivity. Who-so has mastered the elements of philosophy knows that the attribute of unquestionable certainty appertains only to the existence of a state of consciousness so long as it exists; all other beliefs are mere probabilities of a higher or lower order. Sound metaphysic is an amulet which renders its professor proof alike against the poison of superstition and the counterpoison of nihilism; by showing that the affirmations of the former and the denials of the latter alike deal with matters about which, for lack of evidence, nothing can be either affirmed or denied.

Ignorance

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

"There is no darkness but ignorance." Every human being is a necessary product of conditions, and every one is born with defects for which he cannot be held responsible. Nature seems to care nothing for the individual, nothing for the species.

Life pursuing life and in its turn pursued by death, presses to the snow-line of the possible, and every form of life, of instinct, thought and action is fixed and determined by conditions, by countless antecedent and coëxisting facts. The present is the child, and the necessary child, of all the past, and the mother of all the future.

Every human being longs to be happy, to satisfy the

wants of the body with food, with roof and raiment, and to feed the hunger of the mind, according to his capacity, with love, wisdom, philosophy, art, and song.

Science and Philosophy

WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD

When I say Science, I do not mean what some people are pleased to call Philosophy. The word "philosopher," which meant originally "lover of wisdom," has come, in some strange way, to mean a man who thinks it his business to explain everything in a certain number of large books. It will be found, I think, that in proportion to his colossal ignorance is the perfection and symmetry of the system which he sets up; because it is so much easier to put an empty room tidy than a full one. A man of science, on the other hand, explains as much as ever he can, and then he says, "This is all I can do; for the rest you must ask the next man." And with regard to such explanations as he has given, whether the next man comes at all, whether there is any next man or any further explanation or not (and we may have to wait hundreds, or even thousands, of years before another step is made,) yet, if the original step was a scientific step, was made by true scientific methods, and was an organization of the normal experience of healthy men, that step will remain good forever, no matter how much is left unexplained by it.

The Baselessness of Our Ideas

SAMUEL BUTLER

That our ideas are baseless, or rotten at the roots, is what few who study them will deny; but they are rotten in the same way as property is robbery, and property is robbery in the same way as our ideas are rotten at the roots, that is to say it is a robbery and it is not. No title to property, no idea and no living form, (which is the embodiment of idea) is inde-

feasible if search be made far enough. Granted that our thoughts are baseless, yet they are so in the same way as the earth itself is both baseless and most firmly based, or again most stable and yet most in motion.

Our ideas, or rather, I should say, our realities, are all of them like our Gods, based on superstitious foundations. If man is a microcosm, then cosmos is a megalanthrope and that is how we come to anthromorphize the deity. In the eternal pendulum swing of thought we make God in our own image, and then make him make us, and then find it out and cry because we have no God and so on, over and over again as a child has new toys given to it, tires of them, breaks them and is disconsolate till it gets new ones which it will tire of and break. If the man who first made God in his own image had been a good model, all might have been well; but he was impressed with an undue sense of his own importance and, as a natural consequence, he had no sense of humor. Both these imperfections he has fully and faithfully reproduced in his work and with the result we are familiar. All our most solid and tangible realities are but as lies that we have told too often henceforth to question them. But we have to question them sometimes. It is not the sun that goes round the world but we who go round the sun.

If anyone is for examining and making requisitions on title we can search too, and can require the title of the state as against any other state, or against the world at large. But suppose we succeed in this, we must search further still and show by what title mankind has ousted the lower animals, and by what title we eat them, or they themselves eat grass or one another.

See what quicksands we fall into if we wade out too far from the *terra firma* of common consent! The error springs from supposing that there is any absolute right or absolute truth, and also from supposing that truth and right are any the less real for being not absolute but relative. In the complex of human affairs we should aim not at a supposed abso-

lute standard but at the great coming-together-ness or convenience of all our ideas and practices; that is to say, at their most harmonious working with one another. Hit ourselves somewhere we are bound to do: no idea can travel far without colliding with some other idea. Thus, if we pursue one line of probable convenience, we find it convenient to see all things as ultimately one: that is, if we insist rather on the points of agreement between things than on those of disagreement. If we insist on the opposite view, namely, on the points of disagreement, we find ourselves driven to the conclusion that each atom is an individual entity, and that the unity between even the most united things is apparent only. If we did not unduly insist upon—that is to say, emphasize and exaggerate—the part which concerns us for the time, we should never get to understand anything; the proper way is to exaggerate first one view and then the other, and then let the two exaggerations collide, but good-naturedly and according to the laws of civilized mental warfare. So we see first all things as one, then all things as many and, in the end, a multitude in unity and a unity in multitude. Care must be taken not to accept ideas which though very agreeable at first disagree with us afterwards, and keep rising on our mental stomachs as garlic does upon our bodily.

Savages and Conservatives

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Those who have studied the characteristics of savage life are always struck by its deadly conservatism, its needless restraints on the freedom of the individual, and its hopeless routine. Man, like plants and animals in general, tends to go on from generation to generation, living as nearly as may be the life of his forbears. Changes have to be forced upon him by hard experience, and he is ever prone to find excuses for slipping back into older habits, for these are likely to be simpler, less critical, more spontaneous—merely closely akin, in

short, to his animal and primitive promptings. One who prides himself today on his conservatism, on the ground that man is naturally an anarchic and disorderly creature who is held in check by the far-seeing Tory, is almost exactly reversing the truth. Mankind is conservative by nature and readily generates restraints on himself and obstacles to change which have served to keep him in a state of savagery during almost his whole existence on the earth, and which still perpetuate all sorts of primitive barbarism in modern society. The conservative "on principle" is therefore a most unmistakably primitive person in his attitude. His only advance beyond the savage mood lies in the specious reasons he is able to advance for remaining of the same mind. What we vaguely call a "radical" is a very recent product due to altogether exceptional and unprecedented circumstances.

Mind and Motion

GEORGE JOHN ROMANES

Seeing that the external world is known to us only as motion, it is logically impossible for the mind to infer its own causation from the external world; for this would be to infer that it is an effect of motion, which would be the same as saying that it is an effect of its own knowledge; and this would be absurd. But, on the other hand, it is not thus logically impossible for the mind to infer that it may be the cause of some of its own knowledge, or, in other words, that it may have in some measure the power of producing what it knows as motion. And when the mind does infer this, no logic on earth is able to touch the inference; the position of pure idealism is beyond the reach of argument. Nevertheless, it is opposed to the whole momentum of science. For if mind is supposed, on no matter how small a scale, to be a cause of motion, the fundamental axiom of science is impugned. This fundamental axiom is that energy can neither be created nor destroyed—that just as motion can produce nothing but

motion, so, conversely, motion can be produced by nothing but motion. Regarded, therefore, from the standpoint of physical science, the theory of spiritualism is in precisely the same case as the theory of materialism: that is to say, if the supposed causation takes place, it can only be supposed to do so by way of miracle.

Fraudulent Psychology

F. NIETZSCHE

Men were thought of as free—in order that they might be judged and punished; but consequently every action had to be regarded as voluntary, and the origin of every action had to be imagined as lying in consciousness. In this way the most fundamentally fraudulent characteristic of psychology was established as the very principle of psychology itself.

Philosophy and Pessimism

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

(In "*Mark Twain, a Biography*")

His mail was always large; but often it did not look interesting. One could tell from the envelope and the superscription something of the contents. Going over one assortment he burst out:

"Look at them! Look how trivial they are! Every envelope looks as if it contained a trivial human soul."

Many letters were filled with fulsome praise and compliment, usually of one pattern. He was sated with such things, and seldom found it possible to bear more than a line or two of them. Yet a fresh, well-expressed note of appreciation always pleased him.

"I can live for two months on a good compliment," he once said.

Certain persistent correspondents, too self-centered to realize their lack of consideration, or the futility of their purpose, followed him relentlessly. Of one such he remarked:

"That woman intends to pursue me to the grave. I wish something could be done to appease her."

And again:

"Everybody in the world who wants something—something of no interest to me—writes to me to get it."

These morning sessions were likely to be of great interest. Once a letter spoke of the desirability of being an optimist. "That word perfectly disgusts me," he said, and his features materialized the disgust, "just as that other word, pessimist, does; and the idea that one can, by an effort of will, be one or the other, any more than he can change the color of his hair. The reason why a man is a pessimist or an optimist is not because he wants to be, but because he was born so; and this man [a minister of the Gospel who was going to explain life to him] is going to tell me why he isn't a pessimist. Oh, he'll do it, but he won't tell the truth; he won't make it short enough."

Yet he was always patient with anyone who came with spiritual messages, theological arguments, and consolations. He might have said to them: "Oh, dear friends, those things of which you speak are the toys that long ago I played with and set aside." He could have said it and spoken the truth; but I believe he did not even think it. He listened to anyone for whom he had respect, and was grateful for any effort in his behalf.

One morning he read aloud a lecture given in London by George Bernard Shaw on religion, commenting as he read. He said:

"This lecture is a frank breath of expression [and his comments were equally frank]. There is no such thing as morality; it is not immoral for the tiger to eat the wolf, or the wolf the cat, or the cat the bird, and so on down; that is their business. There is always enough for each one to live on. It is not immoral for one nation to seize another nation by force of arms, or for one man to seize another man's property or life if he is strong enough and wants to take it. It is

not immoral to create the human species—with or without ceremony; nature intended exactly these things.”

At one place in the lecture Shaw had said: “No one of good sense can accept any creed today without reservation.”

“Certainly *not*,” commented Clemens; “the reservation is that he is a d—d fool to accept it at all.”

He was in one of his somber moods that morning. I had received a print of a large picture of Thomas Nast—the last one taken. The face had a pathetic expression which told the tragedy of his last years. Clemens looked at the picture several moments without speaking. Then he broke out:

“Why can’t a man die when he’s had his tragedy? I ought to have died long ago.” And somewhat later: “Once Twichell heard me cussing the human race, and he said: ‘Why, Mark, you are the last person in the world to do that—one selected and set apart as you are.’ I said: ‘Joe, you don’t know what you are talking about. I am not cussing altogether about my own little troubles. Anyone can stand his own misfortunes; but when I read in the papers all about the rascalities and outrages going on I realize what a creature the human animal is. Don’t you care more about the wretchedness of others than anything that happens to you?’ Joe said he did, and shut up.”

It occurred to me to suggest that he should not read the daily papers.

“No difference,” he said. “I read books printed two hundred years ago, and they hurt just the same.”

“Those people are all dead and gone,” I objected.

“They hurt just the same,” he maintained.

I sometimes thought of his inner consciousness as a pool darkened by his tragedies, its glassy surface, when calm, reflecting all the joy and sunlight and merriment of the world, but easily—so easily—troubled and stirred even to violence. Once, following the dictation, when I came to the billiard-room he was shooting the balls about the table, apparently much depressed. He said:

"I have been thinking it out—if I live two years more I will put an end to it all. I will kill myself."

"You have much to live for—"

"But I am so tired of the eternal round," he interrupted; "so tired."

And I knew he meant that he was ill of the great loneliness that had come to him that day in Florence, and would never pass away.

I referred to the pressure of social demands in the city, and the relief he would find in his country home. He shook his head.

"The country home I need," he said fiercely, "is a cemetery."

Yet the mood changed quickly enough when the play began. He was gay and hilarious presently, full of the humors and complexities of the game.

H. H. Rogers came in with a good deal of frequency, seldom making very long calls, but never seeming to have that air of being hurried which one might expect to find in a man whose day was only twenty-four hours long, and whose interests were so vast and innumerable. He would come in where we were playing, and sit down and watch the game, or perhaps would pick up a book and read, exchanging a remark now and then. More often, however, he sat in the bedroom, for his visits were likely to be in the morning. They were seldom business calls, or if they were, the business was quickly settled, and then followed gossip, humorous incident, or perhaps Clemens would read aloud something he had written. But once, after greetings, he began:

"Well, Rogers, I don't know what you think of it, but I think I have had about enough of this world, and I wish I were out of it."

Mr. Rogers replied: "I don't say much about it, but that expresses my view."

This, from the foremost man of letters and from one of the foremost financiers of the time, was impressive. Each at

the mountain-top of his career, they agreed that the journey was not worth while—that what the world had still to give was not attractive enough to tempt them—to prevent a desire to experiment with the next stage. One could remember a thousand poor and obscure men who were perfectly willing to go on struggling and starving, postponing the day of settlement as long as possible; but perhaps, when one has had all the world has to give, when there are no new worlds in sight to conquer, one has a different feeling.

Death as the Fool

FRANK T. MARZIALS

In the high turret chamber sat the sage,
Striving to wring its secret from the scroll
Of time;—and hard the task, for roll on roll
Was blurred with blood and tears, or black with age.
So that at last a hunger seized him, a rage
Of richer lore than our poor life can dole,
And loud he called on Death to dower his soul
With the great past's unrifled heritage.

And lo, a creaking step upon the stair,
A croak of song, a jingle,—and Death came in
Mumming in motley with a merry din
And jangle of bells, and droning this refrain,
“God help the fools who count on death for gain.”
So had the sage death-bell and passing prayer.

Seekers After Truth

MARK TWAIN

We are always hearing of people who are around *seeking after Truth*. I have never seen a (permanent) specimen. I think he has never lived. But I have seen several entirely sincere people who *thought* they were (permanent) Seekers after Truth. They sought diligently, persistently, carefully,

cautiously, profoundly, with perfect honesty and nicely adjusted judgment—until they believed that without doubt or question they had found the Truth. *That was the end of the search.* The man spent the rest of his life hunting up shingles wherewith to protect his Truth from the weather. If he was seeking after political Truth he found it in one or another of the hundred political gospels which govern men in the earth; if he was seeking after the Only True Religion he found it in one or another of the three thousand that are on the market. In any case, when he found the Truth *he sought no further*; but from that day forth, with his soldering-iron in one hand and his bludgeon in the other he tinkered its leaks and reasoned with objectors.

Intellect and Emotion

M. C. OTT

One of the foremost scientists of our times writes: "If there be a man who does not believe, either through the promptings of his religious faith or through the objective evidence which the evolutionary history of the world offers, in a progressive revelation of God to man, if there be a man who in neither of these two ways has come to feel that there is a meaning to and a purpose for existence, if there be such a thorough-going pessimism in this world, then may I and mine be kept as far as possible from contact with it. If the beauty, the meaning and the purpose of this life as revealed by both science and religion are all a dream, then let me dream on forever."

Let me dream on forever! In this cry we get a clew to the nature of the demand for cosmic support. It is emotional, not intellectual. Though we may be told that nothing short of the assumption of a purposive universe, in which man's higher development is definitely aimed at, can save us from *intellectual* confusion, it is not the fear of this, but of *emotional* confusion which gives the demand its vitality. If in

the face of consistent intellectual defeat the result is not resignation but change of front, may we not conclude that the search for cosmic purpose, for the everlasting arms underneath, for psychic kinship with what Edwyn Bevan has called "a Friend behind phenomena," has its source in the non-intellectual side of man's nature?

And, if we do not oversimplify too much we must agree that men do not live by logic alone. No human being would be completely described were we able to catalogue his sense experiences, his thoughts, his memories, his castles in air. For sensations, thoughts, memories, imaginings are saturated with feeling as all things in physical nature are said to be saturated with ether. Sometimes the emotional element is present like the gentle swell on the bosom of a quiet sea, at other times it rolls and tosses like irresistible breakers, washing away what labor and pains had slowly erected, leaving ruin and regret, or relief and joy in the wake of the storm. But always it is present, oozing into every crevice, searching out all interstices, inundating the remotest bounds of personality. The logically best society may turn up its nose at the tang and piquancy of emotion, may attempt to set up an exclusive intellectual quarter out of its reach, where no weeds of fallacy or wild flowers of fancy shall be permitted to grow, where syllogistic order and calm shall reign unchallenged. Life will overflow any such endeavor and be the richer for it.

But to recognize the inevitability and worth of feeling is not to admit that everything that is longed for is actually there to be had. And the fact that man naturally objects to being quite alone in the universe, and thus craves fellowship with a great Guarantor of his interests and his personal continuance, is no proof that anything corresponding to the object of this longing exists. It may rather testify to the vestigial remains of an elemental hunger brought down from the dim past, and transfigured by all manner of accretions through institutions and customs.

Pantheism and Agnosticism

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

Pantheism can give no ground for morality, for nature is as much the cause of vice as the cause of virtue; it can give no cause for an optimist view of the universe, for nature causes evil as much as it causes good. We no longer doubt, it is true, whether there be a God, for our God means all reality; but every doubt which we entertained about the universe is transferred to the God upon whom the universe is moulded. The attempt to transfer to pure being or to the abstraction Nature the feelings with which we are taught to regard a person of transcendent wisdom and benevolence is, as theologians assert, hopeless. To deny the existence of God is in this sense the same as to deny the existence of no-God. We keep the old word; we have altered the whole of its contents. A Pantheist is, as a rule, one who looks upon the universe through his feelings instead of his reason, and who regards it with love because his habitual frame of mind is amiable. But he has no logical argument as against the Pessimist, who regards it with dread unqualified by love, or the Agnostic, who finds it impossible to regard it with any but a colorless emotion.

Change

JOHN DEWEY

Instead of a closed universe, science now presents us with one infinite in space and time, having no limits here or there, at this end, so to speak, or at that, and as infinitely complex in internal structure as it is infinite in extent. Hence it is also an open world, an infinitely variegated one, a world which in the old sense can hardly be called a universe at all; so multiplex and far-reaching that it cannot be summed up and grasped in any one formula. And change rather than fixity is now a measure of "reality" or energy of being; change is omnipresent. The laws in which the modern man of science

is interested are laws of motion, of generation and consequence. He speaks of law where the ancients spoke of kind and essence, because what he wants is a correlation of changes, an ability to detect one change occurring in correspondence with another. He does not try to define and delimit something remaining constant *in* change. He tries to describe a constant order of change. And while the word "constant" appears in both statements, the meaning of the word is not the same. In one case, we are dealing with something constant in *existence*, physical or metaphysical; in the other case, with something constant in *function* and operation. One is a form of independent being; the other is a formula of description and calculation of interdependent changes.

Dreams and Responsibility

MARK TWAIN

Strange, indeed, that you should not have suspected that your universe and its contents were only dreams, visions, fiction! Strange, because they are so frankly and hysterically insane—like all dreams: A God who could make good children as easily as bad, yet preferred to make bad ones; who could have made every one of them happy, yet never made a single happy one; who made them prize their bitter life, yet stingily cut it short; who gave his angels painless lives, yet cursed his other children with biting miseries and maladies of mind and body; who mouths justice and invented hell—mouths mercy and invented hell—mouths Golden Rules, and forgiveness multiplied by seventy times seven, and invented hell; who mouths morals to other people and has none himself; who frowns upon crimes, yet commits them all; who created man without invitation, then tries to shuffle the responsibility for man's acts upon man, instead of honorably placing it where it belongs, upon himself; and finally, with altogether divine obtuseness, invites this poor, abused slave to worship him! . . .

It is true, that which I have revealed to you: there is no God, no universe, no human race, no earthly life, no heaven, no hell. It is all a dream—a grotesque and foolish dream. Nothing exists but you. And you are but a *thought*—a vagrant thought, a useless thought, a homeless thought, wandering forlorn among the empty eternities!

Voltaire

CLARENCE S. DARROW

It is hardly necessary to sum up Voltaire. Born in a day of gross superstition, brutal barbarism, the densest bigotry and faith, he wrote his first play at the age of eighteen, and finished his last just before his death at eighty-four. During all this sixty-six years he worked unceasingly, dealing telling, deadly blows at the superstitions which held the minds of men. He died on the morning of the French revolution, a revolution which more than any other man Voltaire inspired. Had he lived a few years longer most likely Voltaire would have died on the guillotine with many other victims of that delirious spasm of liberty that burned through France and prepared the soil for a civilization and tolerance far greater than the world had ever known.

Appearance and Reality

HERBERT SPENCER

By the very nature of our intelligence we are compelled continually to ascribe the effects we know to some cause we do not know—to regard the manifestations we are conscious of as implying something manifested. We find it impossible to think of the world as constituted of appearances, and to exclude all thought of a reality of which they are appearances. The inconsistencies in the views set forth are in fact organic. Intellectual action being a perpetual forming of relations between the states from moment to moment passing, and being

incapable of arresting, itself, tends irresistibly to form them when it reaches the limit of intelligence. The inevitable effect of our mental constitution is that on reaching the limit thought rushes out to form a new relation and cannot form it. A conflict hence arises between an effort to pass into the Unknowable and an inability to pass—a conflict which involves the inconsistency of feeling obliged to think something and being unable to think it.

And here we come as before to the conclusion that while it is impossible for us to have a conception, there yet ever remains a consciousness—a consciousness of which no logical account can be given, but which is the necessary result of our mental action; since the perpetually-foiled endeavor to think the relation between Appearance and Reality, ever leaves behind a feeling that though a second term cannot be framed in thought yet there *is* a second term.

III

HONEST DOUBT

III

HONEST DOUBT

The Sceptic

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The sceptic labors to plant his feet, to be the beam of the balance. He will not go beyond his card. He sees the one-sidedness of these men of the street; he will not be a Gibeonite; he stands for the intellectual faculties, a cool head, and whatever serves to keep it cool: no unadvised industry, no unrewarded self-devotion, no loss of the brains in toil. Am I an ox, or a dray?—You are both in extremes, he says. You who will have all solid, and a world of pig-lead, deceive yourselves grossly. You believe yourselves rooted and grounded on adamant; and yet, if we uncover the last facts of your knowledge, you are spinning like bubbles in a river, you know not whither or whence, and you are bottomed and capped and wrapped in delusions. . . .

But I see plainly that I cannot see. I know that human strength is not in extremes, but in avoiding extremes. I, at least, will shun the weakness of philosophizing beyond my depth. What is the use of pretending to powers that we have not? What is the use of pretending to assurances that we have not, respecting the other life? Why exaggerate the power of virtue? Why be an angel before your time? These strings, wound up too high, will snap. If there is a wish for immortality, and no evidence, why not say just that? If there are conflicting evidences, why not state them? If there is not ground for a candid thinker to make up his mind, yea or nay, —why not suspend the judgment? . . .

Who shall forbid a wise scepticism, seeing that there is no practical question on which anything more than an approximate solution can be had?

Laws

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

The laws of God, the laws of man,
He may keep that will and can;
Not I: let God and man decree
Laws for themselves and not for me;
And if my ways are not as theirs
Let them mind their own affairs.
Their deeds I judge and much condemn,
Yet when did I make laws for them?
Please yourselves, say I, and they
Need only look the other way.
But no, they will not; they must still
Wrest their neighbor to their will,
And make me dance as they desire
With jail and gallows and hell-fire.
And how am I to face the odds
Of man's bedevilment and God's?
I, a stranger and afraid
In a world I never made.
They will be master, right or wrong;
Though both are foolish, both are strong.
And since, my soul, we cannot fly
To Saturn or to Mercury,
Keep we must, if keep we can,
These foreign laws of God and man.

From Plea in Defense of Loeb and Leopold

CLARENCE DARROW

Were these boys in their right minds? Here were two boys with good intellect, one eighteen and one nineteen. They had all the prospects that life could hold out for any of the young; one a graduate of Chicago and another of Ann Arbor; one who had passed his examination for the Harvard Law School

and was about to take a trip in Europe—another who had passed at Ann Arbor, the youngest in his class, with three thousand dollars in the bank. Boys who never knew what it was to want a dollar; boys who could reach any position that was given to boys of that kind to reach; boys of distinguished and honorable families, families of wealth and position, with all the world before them. And they gave it all up for nothing, nothing! They took a little companion, on a crowded street, and killed him, for nothing, and sacrificed everything that could be of value in human life upon the crazy scheme of a couple of immature lads.

Now, your Honor, you have been a boy; I have been a boy. And we have known other boys. The best way to understand somebody else is to put yourself in his place.

Is it within the realm of your imagination that a boy who was right, with all the prospects of life before him, who could choose what he wanted, without the slightest reason in the world would lure a young companion to his death, and take his place in the shadow of the gallows? . . . How insane they are I care not, whether medically or legally. They did not reason; they could not reason; they committed the most foolish, most unprovoked, most purposeless, most causeless act that any two boys ever committed, and they put themselves where the rope is dangling above their heads.

There are not physicians enough in the world to convince any thoughtful, fair-minded man that these boys are right. Was their act one of deliberation, of intellect, or were they driven by some force such as Dr. White and Dr. Glueck and Dr. Healy have told this court?

There are only two theories; one is that their diseased brains drove them to it; the other is the old theory of possession by devils, and my friend Marshall could have read you books on that, too, but it has been pretty well given up in Illinois.

That they were intelligent and sane and sound and reason-

ing is unthinkable. Let me call your Honor's attention to another thing.

Why did they kill little Bobby Franks?

Not for money, not for spite; not for hate. They killed him as they might kill a spider or a fly, for the experience. They killed him because they were made that way. Because somewhere in the infinite processes that go to the making up of the boy or the man something slipped, and those unfortunate lads sit here hated, despised, outcasts, with the community shouting for their blood.

Are they to blame for it? There is no man on earth who can mention any purpose for it all or any reason for it all. It is one of those things that happened; that happened, and it calls not for hate, but for kindness, for charity, for consideration.

I heard the state's attorney talk of mothers.

Mr. Savage is talking for the mothers, and Mr. Crowe is thinking of the mothers, and I am thinking of the mothers. Mr. Savage, with the immaturity of youth and inexperience, says that if we hang them there will be no more killing. This world has been one long slaughter-house from the beginning until today, and killing goes on and on and on, and will forever. Why not read something, why not study something, why not think instead of blindly shouting for death?

Kill them. Will that prevent other senseless boys or other vicious men or vicious women from killing? No!

It will simply call upon every weak minded person to do as they have done. I know how easy it is to talk about mothers when you want to do something cruel. But I am thinking of the mothers, too. I know that any mother might be the mother of a little Bobby Franks, who left his home and went to his school, and who never came back. I know that any mother might be the mother of Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold, just the same. The trouble is this, that if she is the mother of a Nathan Leopold or of a Richard Loeb, she has to ask herself the question:

"How came my children to be what they are? From what ancestry did they get this strain? How far removed was the poison that destroyed their lives? Was I the bearer of the seed that brings them to death?"

Any mother might be the mother of any of them. But these two are the victims. I remember a little poem by the marvelous poet, Housman, that gives the soliloquy of a boy about to be hanged, a soliloquy such as these boys might make:

"The night my father got me
His mind was not on me;
He did not plague his fancy
To muse if I should be
The son you see.

"The day my mother bore me
She was a fool and glad,
For all the pain I cost her,
That she had borne the lad
That borne she had.

"My father and my mother
Out of the light they lie;
The warrant would not find them,
And here, 'tis only I
Shall hang so high.

"O let not man remember
The soul that God forgot,
But fetch the county sheriff,
And noose me in a knot,
And I will rot.

"And so the game is ended,
That should not have begun.
My father and my mother
They had a likely son,
And I have none."

No one knows what will be the fate of the child he gets or the child she bears; the fate of the child is the last thing

they consider. This weary old world goes on, begetting, with birth and with living and with death; and all of it is blind from the beginning to the end. I do not know what it was that made these boys do this mad act, but I do know there is a reason for it. I know they did not beget themselves. I know that any one of an infinite number of causes reaching back to the beginning might be working out in these boys' minds, whom you are asked to hang in malice and in hatred and injustice, because someone in the past has sinned against them.

I am sorry for the fathers as well as the mothers, for the fathers who give their strength and their lives for educating and protecting and creating a fortune for the boys that they love; for the mothers who go down into the shadow of death for their children, who nourish them and care for them, and risk their lives, that they may live, who watch them with tenderness and fondness and longing, and who go down into dishonor and disgrace for the children that they love.

All of these are helpless. We are all helpless. But when you are pitying the father and mother of poor Bobby Franks, what about the fathers and mothers of these two unfortunate boys, and what about the unfortunate boys themselves, and what about all the fathers and all the mothers and all the boys and all the girls who tread a dangerous maze in darkness from birth to death?

Do you think you can cure it by hanging these two? Do you think you can cure the hatreds and the maladjustments of the world by hanging them? You simply show your ignorance and your hate when you say it. You may here and there cure hatred with love and understanding, but you can only add fuel to the flames by cruelty and hate.

What is my friend's idea of justice? He says to this court, whom he says he respects—and I believe he does—your Honor, who sits here patiently, holding the lives of these two boys in your hands:

"Give them the same mercy that they gave to Bobby Franks."

Is that the law? Is that justice? Is this what a court should do? Is this what a state's attorney should do? If the state in which I live is not kinder, more human, more considerate, more intelligent than the mad act of these two boys, I am sorry that I have lived so long.

I am sorry for all fathers and all mothers. The mother who looks into the blue eyes of her little babe cannot help musing over the end of the child, whether it will be crowned with the greatest promises which her mind can image or whether he may meet death upon the scaffold. All she can do is to rear him with love and care, to watch over him tenderly, to meet life with hope and trust and confidence, and to leave the rest with fate. . . .

I could say something about the death penalty that, for some mysterious reason, the state wants in this case. Why do they want it? To vindicate the law? Oh, no. The law can be vindicated without killing anyone else. It might shock the fine sensibilities of the state's counsel that this boy was put into a culvert and left after he was dead, but, your Honor, I can think of a scene that makes this pale into insignificance. I can think, and only think, your Honor, of taking two boys, one eighteen and the other nineteen, irresponsible, weak, diseased, penning them in a cell, checking off the days and the hours and the minutes, until they will be taken out and hanged. Wouldn't it be a glorious day for Chicago? Wouldn't it be a glorious triumph for the state's attorney? Wouldn't it be a glorious triumph for justice in this land? Wouldn't it be a glorious illustration of Christianity and kindness and charity? I can picture them, wakened in the gray light of morning, furnished a suit of clothes by the state, led to the scaffold, their feet tied, black caps drawn over their heads, stood on a trap door, the hangman pressing a spring, so that it gives way under them; I can see them fall through space—and—stopped by the rope around their necks.

This would surely expiate the placing of Bobbie Franks in the culvert after he was dead. This would doubtless bring

immense satisfaction to some people. It would bring a greater satisfaction because it would be done in the name of justice. I am always suspicious of righteous indignation. To hear young men talk glibly of justice. Well, it would make me smile if it did not make me sad. Who knows what it is? Does Mr. Savage know? Does Mr. Crowe know? Do I know? Does your Honor know? Is there any human machinery for finding it out? Is there any man who can weigh me and say what I deserve? Can your Honor? Let us be honest. Can your Honor appraise yourself, and say what you deserve? Can your Honor appraise these two young men and say what they deserve? Justice must take account of infinite circumstances which a human being cannot understand.

If there is such a thing as justice it could only be administered by one who knew the inmost thoughts of the man to whom he was meting it out. Aye, who knew the father and mother and the grandparents and the infinite number of people back of him. Who knew the origin of every cell that went into the body, who could understand the structure, and how it acted. Who could tell how the emotions that sway the human being affected that particular frail piece of clay. It means more than that. It means that you must appraise every influence that moves men, the civilization where they live, and all society which enters into the making of the child or the man! If your Honor can do it—if you can do it you are wise, and with wisdom goes mercy.

No one with wisdom and with understanding, no one who is honest with himself and with his own life, whoever he may be, no one who has seen himself the prey and the sport and the plaything of the infinite forces that move man, no one who has tried and who has failed—and we have all tried and we have all failed—no one can tell what justice is for someone else or for himself—and the more he tries and the more responsibility he takes the more he clings to mercy as being the one thing which he is sure should control his judgment of men. . . .

I do not know how much salvage there is in these two boys. I hate to say it in their presence, but what is there to look forward to? I do not know but that your Honor would be merciful if you tied a rope around their necks and let them die; merciful to them, but not merciful to civilization, and not merciful to those who would be left behind. To spend the balance of their lives in prison is mighty little to look forward to, if anything. Is it anything? They may have the hope that as the years roll around they might be released. I do not know. I do not know. I will be honest with this court as I have tried to be from the beginning. I know that these boys are not fit to be at large. I believe they will not be until they pass through the next stage of life, at forty-five or fifty. Whether they will be then, I cannot tell. I am sure of this: that I shall not be here to help them. So far as I am concerned, it is over.

I would not tell this court that I do not hope that some time, when life and age have changed their bodies, as it does, and has changed their emotions, as it does—that they may once more return to life. I would be the last person on earth to close the door to any human being that lives, and least of all to my clients. But what have they to look forward to? Nothing. And I think here of the stanza of Housman:

“Now hollow fires burn out to black,
And lights are guttering low:
Square your shoulders, lift your pack
And leave your friends and go.
O never fear, man, naught’s to dread,
Look not left nor right:
In all the endless road you tread
There’s nothing but the night.”

I care not, your Honor, whether the march begins at the gallows or when the gates of Joliet close upon them, there is nothing but the night, and that is little for any human being to expect.

But there are others to consider. Here are these two families,

who have led honest lives, who will bear the name that they bear, and future generations must carry it on.

Here is Leopold's father,—and this boy was the pride of his life. He watched him, he cared for him, he worked for him; the boy was brilliant and accomplished, he educated him, and he thought that fame and position awaited him, as it should have awaited. It is a hard thing for a father to see his hopes crumble into dust.

Should he be considered? Should his brothers be considered? Will it do society any good or make your life safer, or any human being's life safer, if it should be handed down from generation to generation, that this boy, their kin, died upon the scaffold?

And Loeb, the same. Here is the faithful uncle and brother, who have watched here day by day, while Dickie's father and his mother are too ill to stand this terrific strain, and shall be waiting for a message which means more to them than it can mean to you or me. Shall these be taken into account in this general bereavement?

Have they any rights? Is there any reason, your Honor, why their proud names and all the future generations that bear them shall have this bar sinister written across them? How many boys and girls, how many unborn children will feel it? It is bad enough as it is, God knows. It is bad enough, however it is. But it's not yet death on the scaffold. It's not that. And I ask your Honor, in addition to all that I have said, to save two honorable families from a disgrace that never ends, and which could be of no avail to help any human being that lives.

Now, I must say a word more and then I will leave this with you where I should have left it long ago. None of us are unmindful of the public; courts are not, and juries are not. We placed our fate in the hands of a trained court, thinking that he would be more mindful and considerate than a jury. I cannot say how people feel. I have stood here for three months as one might stand at the ocean trying to sweep back

the tide. I hope the seas are subsiding and the wind is falling, and I believe they are, but I wish to make no false pretense to this court. The easy thing and the popular thing to do is to hang my clients. I know it. Men and women who do not think will applaud. The cruel and thoughtless will approve. It will be easy today; but in Chicago, and reaching out over the length and breadth of the land, more and more fathers and mothers, the humane, the kind, and the hopeful, who are gaining an understanding and asking questions not only about these poor boys, but about their own,—these will join in no acclaim at the death of my clients. They would ask that the shedding of blood be stopped, and that the normal feelings of man resume their sway. And as the days and the months and the years go on, they will ask it more and more. But, your Honor, what they shall ask may not count. I know the easy way. I know your Honor stands between the future and the past. I know the future is with me, and what I stand for here; not merely for the lives of these two unfortunate lads, but for all boys and all girls; for all of the young, and as far as possible, for all of the old. I am pleading for life, understanding, charity, kindness, and the infinite mercy that considers all. I am pleading that we overcome cruelty with kindness and hatred with love. I know the future is on my side. You may hang these boys; you may hang them by the neck until they are dead. But in doing it you will turn your face toward the past. In doing it you are making it harder for every other boy who in ignorance and darkness must grope his way through the mazes which only childhood knows. In doing it you will make it harder for unborn children. You may save them and make it easier for every child that some time may stand where these boys stand. You will make it easier for every human being with an aspiration and a vision and a hope and a fate. I am pleading for the future; I am pleading for a time when hatred and cruelty will not control the hearts of men, when we can learn by reason and judgment

and understanding and faith that all life is worth saving, and that mercy is the highest attribute of man.

I feel that I should apologize for the length of time I have taken. This case may not be as important as I think it is, and I am sure I do not need to tell this court, or to tell my friends that I would fight just as hard for the poor as for the rich. If I should succeed in saving these boys' lives and do nothing for the progress of the law, I should feel sad, indeed. If I can succeed, my greatest reward and my greatest hope will be that I have done something for the tens of thousands of other boys, for the countless unfortunates who must tread the same road in blind childhood that these poor boys have trod,—that I have done something to help human understanding, to temper justice with mercy, to overcome hate with love.

I was reading last night of the aspiration of the old Persian poet, Omar Khayyam. It appealed to me as the highest that I can vision. I wish it was in my heart, and I wish it was in the hearts of all.

“So I be written in the Book of Love,
I do not care about that Book above,
Erase my name or write it as you will,
So I be written in the Book of Love.”

A Summer Night

MATTHEW ARNOLD

In the deserted, moon-blanced street,
How lonely rings the echo of my feet!
Those windows, which I gaze at, frown,
Silent and white, unopening down,
Repellent as the world;—but see,
A break between the housetops shows
The moon! and, lost behind her, fading dim
Into the dewy dark obscurity
Down at the far horizon's rim,
Doth a whole tract of heaven disclose!

And to my mind the thought
Is on a sudden brought
Of a past night, and a far different scene.
Headlands stood out into the moonlit deep
As clearly as at noon;
The spring-tides' brimming flow
Heaved dazzlingly between;
Houses, with long white sweep,
Girdled the glistening bay;
Behind, through the soft air,
The blue haze-cradled mountains spread away,
The night was far more fair—
But the same restless pacings to and fro,
And the same vainly throbbing heart was there,
And the same bright, calm moon.

And the calm moonlight seems to say:
"Hast thou then still the old unquiet breast,
Which neither deadens into rest,
Nor ever feels the fiery glow
That whirls the spirit from itself away,
But fluctuates to and fro,
Never by passion quite possessed
And never quite benumbed by the world's sway?"—
And I, I know not if to pray
Still to be what I am, or yield and be
Like all the other men I see.

For most men in a brazen prison live,
Where, in the sun's hot eye,
With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly
Their lives to some unmeaning taskwork give,
Dreaming of nought beyond their prison wall.
And as, year after year,
Fresh products of their barren labor fall
From their tired hands, and rest

Never yet comes more near,
Gloom settles slowly down over their breast;
And while they try to stem
The waves of mournful thought by which they are
 pressed,
Death in their prison reaches them,
Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest.

And the rest, a few,
Escape their prison and depart
On the wide ocean of life anew.
There the freed prisoner, where'er his heart
Listeth, will sail;
Nor doth he know how there prevail,
Despotic on that sea,
Trade-winds which cross it from eternity.
Awhile he holds some false way, undebarr'd
By thwarting signs, and braves
The freshening wind and blackening waves.
And then the tempest strikes him; and between
The lightning-bursts is seen
Only a driving wreck,
And the pale master on his spar-strewn deck
With anguished face and flying hair
Grasping the rudder hard,
Still bent to make some port he knows not where,
Still standing for some false, impossible shore.
And sterner comes the roar
Of sea and wind, and through the deepening gloom
Fainter and fainter wreck and helmsman loom,
And he too disappears, and comes no more.

Is there no life, but these alone?
Madman or slave, must man be one?
Plainness and clearness without shadow of stain!
Clearness divine!
Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign

Of languor, though so calm, and, though so great
Are yet untroubled and impassionate;
Who, though so noble, share in the world's toil,
And, though so tasked, keep free from dust and soil!
I will not say that your mild deeps retain
A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain
Who have longed deeply once, and longed in vain—
But I will rather say that you remain
A world above man's head, to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizons be,
How vast, yet of what clear transparency!
How it were good to abide there, and breathe free;
How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still!

From—The Myth of the Soul

CLARENCE DARROW

Every man knows when his life began; can one imagine an organism that has a beginning and no end? If I did not exist in the past, why should I, or could I, exist in the future? We are told by some that we had no beginning; what evidence exists that this is true? I have no remembrance of the clash of worlds, or the other seeming catastrophes out of which the earth was born. I have no remembrance of the flood. I do not recall Joshua or Caesar or Hannibal or Napoleon or Wellington. I have no remembrance of Anthony or Cleopatra. I cannot remember George Washington or the eight years' war which separated Europe from the United States. I do not remember the French Revolution that shook the political and social world to its foundation. I cannot recall the battle of Waterloo or even the surrender of Cornwallis. I had not then been born and did not exist. I have only read about these people and events.

But how about the happenings of my own life? I have no remembrance of the months that I lay in my mother's

womb. I cannot recall the day of my birth or the time when I first opened my eyes to the light of the sun. I cannot remember when I was an infant or when I began to creep on the floor, or when I was taught to walk, or anything before I was five or six years old. Still, all of these were important, wonderful, and strange in a new life. What I call my consciousness, for lack of a better word and a better understanding, came from my growth and the experiences that I met at every turn. I have a hazy recollection of the burial of a soldier who was shot toward the end of the Civil War. He was buried near the school-house when I was seven years old. But I have no remembrance of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, although I must then have been eight years old. I must have known about it at the time, as my family and my community idolized Abraham Lincoln, and all America was in mourning at his death. Why do I remember the dead boy soldier who was buried a year before? Perhaps because I knew him well; perhaps because his family was close to my childish life; possibly because it came to me as my first knowledge of death. At all events it made so deep an impression that in a misty way I recall it now. Many of the events of the first ten or twelve years of my life are now entirely forgotten. So far as these events are concerned, the mind and consciousness of the boy are already dead.

Am I now fully alive? I am seventy-one years old. I often fail to recollect the names of some of those whom I knew full well. Many events do not make the lasting impression that they once did. I know that it will be only a few years, even if my body still survives decay, when few important things will even register in my mind. I know how it is with the old. I know that physical life in a way can persist beyond the time when the brain can fully function. I know that if I live to an extreme old age my mind will fail; that I will eat and drink and go to my bed and to the table in an automatic way. I know that memory, which is all that binds me to the past, will already be dead. I know that all that will remain

will be a vegetative existence; that I will sit and doze in the chimney corner, and my body will measurably function even though the ego is already practically dead. I am sure that if I shall die of what is called old age, my consciousness will gradually go with my failing emotions, and that I will no more be aware of the near approach of final dissolution than will the dying tree.

Is There a God?

GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON

Is there a God, then, above us?
I ask it again and again:
Is there a good God to love us—
A God who is mindful of men?

Is there a God who remembers
That we have our nights as our noons?
Our dark and our dismal Decembers
As well as our garden-gay Junes?

Sea-Shell Murmurs

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON

The hollow sea-shell, which for years hath stood
On dusty shelves, when held against the ear
Proclaims its stormy parents; and we hear
The faint far murmur of the breaking flood.
We hear the sea. The sea? It is the blood
In our own veins, impetuous and near,
And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear
And with our feelings' every shifting mood.

Lo, in my heart I hear, as in a shell,
The murmur of a world beyond the grave,
Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.

Thou fool; this echo is a cheat as well,—
The hum of earthly instincts; and we crave
A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

The Heavens Are Our Riddle

HERBERT BATES

The heavens are our riddle; and the sea,
Forested earth, the grassy rustling plain,
Snows, rains, and thunders. Yea, and even we
Before ourselves stand ominous. In vain!
The stars still march their way, the sea still rolls,
The forests wave, the plain drinks in the sun,
And we stand silent, naked,—with tremulous
souls,—
Before our unsolved selves. We pray to one
Whose hand should help us. But we hear no voice;
Skies clear and darken; the days pale and pass,
Nor any bids us weep or bids rejoice,
Only the wind sobs in the shriveling grass,—
Only the wind, and we with upward eyes
Expectant of the silence of the skies.

Hope

WALLACE RICE

Silly hope with idiot grin
O'er the skull and bones within,
Grinning every morning new,
Chattering over dreams as true,
Making youth a callow child,
Callow by you beguiled,
You leave age a greensick boy
Seeking love for lasting joy;
Comic mask for our despair
Fitted for each coward's wear,

What have you to offer me
Save your smirking idiocy?

Hope, the patent medicine
For disease, disaster, sin:
Hope of home, and evil neighbors;
Hope of leisure, doubled labors;
Hope of gold, and not a copper;
Hope of friends, and friendship's pauper;
Hope of fame, and shriveled bays;
Hope of health, and failing days;
Sure though death, the one thing certain,
Even there you'd lift the curtain,
Mouthing of eternity
For yourself, and so for me.

Will-o'-the-wisp above a swamp,
Passing for a heavenly lamp;
Priest-contrived and misty wraith,
Dimming o'er the flames of faith;
Domino that covers well
Thought of God as King of Hell;
Charity's unholy cloak,
Silking o'er the tyrant's yoke;
Hope and faith and charity,
Cerberus of sophistry,
All we have, or less or much,
Comes through throwing off your clutch.

Ignorance your twin, and thus
The ampler hope the worse for us;
Goad to crass credulity,
Blinders that we may not see;
Quackery's best panacea,
Drugging every right idea;
Loaded die, but loaded so
Fate shall win at every throw;

You the velvet round the rope
Thus made stronger, lying Hope,
Bastard child of common sense,
Harlot of experience.

Flower in the Crannied Wall

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Clover

JOHN BANISTER TABB

Little masters, hat in hand
Let me in your presence stand,
Till your silence solve for me
This your threefold mystery.

Tell me—for I long to know—
How, in darkness there below,
Was your fairy fabric spun,
Spread and fashioned, three in one.

Did your gossips gold and blue,
Sky and Sunshine, choose for you,
Ere your triple forms were seen,
Suited liveries of green?

Can ye,—if ye dwelt indeed
Captives of a prison seed,—
Like the Genie, once again
Get you back into the grain?

Little masters, may I stand
In your presence, hat in hand,
Waiting till you solve for me
This your threefold mystery?

Generation

PAUL ELDRIDGE

This is the meaning of a generation—
A pebble thrown into a placid lake—
A sudden spray, like a tiny wavelet,
Trembling circles in quick succession—

.
A placid lake. . . .

IV

GODS AND DEMIGODS

IV

GODS AND DEMIGODS

The Blow

THOMAS HARDY

That no man schemed it is my hope—
Yea, that it fell by will and scope
Of That Which some enthrone,
And for whose meaning myriads grope.

For I would not that of my kind
There should, of his unbiased mind,
Have been one known
Who such a stroke could have designed;

Since it would augur works and ways
Below the lowest man assays
To have hurled that stone
Into the sunshine of our days!

And if it prove that no man did,
And that the Inscrutable, the Hid,
Was cause alone
Of this foul crash our lives amid,

I'll go in due time, and forget
In some deep graveyard's oubliette
The thing whereof I groan,
And cease from troubling; thankful yet

Time's finger should have stretched to show
No aimful author's was the blow
That swept us prone,
But the Immanent Doer's That doth not know,

Which in some age unguessed of us
May lift Its blinding incubus,
And see, and own:
"It grieves me I did thus and thus!"

The Carpenter's Son

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

Here the hangman stops his cart:
Now the best of friends must part.
Fare you well, for ill fare I:
Live, lads, and I will die.

Oh, at home had I but stayed
'Prenticed to my father's trade,
Had I stuck to plane and adze,
I had not been lost, my lads.

Then I might have built perhaps
Gallows-trees for other chaps,
Never dangled on my own,
Had I but left ill alone.

Now, you see, they hang me high,
And the people passing by
Stop to shake their fists and curse;
So 'tis come from ill to worse.

Here hang I, and right and left
Two poor fellows hang for theft:
All the same's the luck we prove,
Though the midmost hangs for love.

Comrades all, that stand and gaze,
Walk henceforth in other ways;
See my neck and save your own;
Comrades all, leave ill alone.

Make some day a decent end,
Shrewder fellows than your friend.
Fare you well, for ill fare I:
Live, lads, and I will die.

Standards for Gods

SIR JAMES FRAZER

A God, like a man, can only be judged by the standard of the age to which he belongs; for experience seems to show that the ethical code of a deity is seldom superior, and may be distinctly inferior, to that of his human contemporaries.

Creation

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

Brahma is said to have produced the world by a kind of fall or mistake; and in order to atone for his folly, he is bound to remain in it himself until he works out his redemption. As an account of the origin of things, that is admirable! According to the doctrines of Buddhism, the world came into being as the result of some inexplicable disturbance in the heavenly calm of Nirvana, that blessed state obtained by expiation, which had endured so long a time—the change taking place by a kind of fatality. This explanation must be understood as having at bottom some moral bearing; although it is illustrated by an exactly parallel theory in the domain of physical science, which places the origin of the sun in a primitive streak of mist, formed one knows not how. Subsequently, by a series of moral errors, the world became gradually worse and worse—true of the physical orders as well—until we can get a better. Again, Ormuzd and Ahriman are rival powers, continually at war. That is not bad.

But that a God like Jehovah should have created this world of misery and woe, out of pure caprice, and because he enjoyed doing it, and should then have clapped his hands in

praise of his own work, and declared everything to be very good—that will not do at all! In its explanation of the origin of the world, Judaism is inferior to any other form of religious doctrine professed by a civilised nation; and it is quite in keeping with this that it is the only one which presents no trace whatever of any belief in the immortality of the soul.

The Problem of Good and Evil

JULIAN S. HUXLEY

What are the changes which would inevitably flow from . . . reclaiming from the idea of God that garment of personality which we have put upon it, and at the same time possessing our souls in patience and not asserting that we know what we cannot know. They would be many and diverse. First and foremost, the thinking world would see, with a sigh of profound relief, the cutting of that Gordian knot of which man has tied up the absolute goodness and omnipotence of God with the evil of the world. This has always been a stumbling-block to belief. When natural catastrophes occur and we see thousands of innocent men suffer from no cause, as in the earthquake of Messina or the Mississippi floods; when diseases strike blindly right and left, like the influenza epidemic of 1918, with its ten million victims, or the Plague of London in 1665, or in India today; when we see children born deformed, deaf, blind, or crippled, to a life of suffering or hardship; or an idiot child produced by the best of married couples; when we see the success of men who are cruel, unscrupulous, or definitely wicked, and the hard lot of others who are industrious and upright; most of all when we are confronted with a gigantic catastrophe, like the War, in which not blind outer nature, but our own human nature is involved, and man's best impulses, of devotion, courage, intellect, endurance, self-sacrifice, pity, are all in one way or another employed upon the task of killing other men by

thousands and by tens of thousands—then it is difficult for many to believe in a personal God. . . .

But if God be one name for the Universe as it impinges on our lives and makes part of our thoughts, then the horror and the contradiction is lifted. Wars remain; unmerited disease and suffering remain; catastrophes remain; but the problems which they present, which may all be summed up as the problem of evil, are no longer the same. They are no longer problems of a divine morality for which no problems should exist, but of the ultimate nature of the Universe. The Mississippi floods are terrible; but they are not divine vengeance which ruins the innocent with the guilty. Bubonic plague or influenza will not be stayed with prayers; they are appalling, but they may be controlled by taking thought and taking pains. Volcanic eruptions and earthquakes may not be preventable, but they may often be foretold. At least they do not point an accusing finger at Heaven and a Ruler of Heaven responsible for them. Best of all, most stimulating of all, is the change when we come to human evil, the evil which is evil in essence as well as in effect, the evil of those who might have done good. . . .

The release of God from the anthropomorphic disguise of personality also provides release from that vice which may be termed Providentialism. God provides for the sparrow, we are told; how much more for man? And so this beneficent power will always provide. Divine Providence is an excuse for the poor whom we have always with us; for the human improvidence which produces whole broods of children without reflection or care as to how they shall live; for not taking action when we are lazy; or, more rarely, for justifying the action we do take when we are energetic. From the point of view of the future destiny of man, the present is a time of clash between the idea of providentialism and the idea of humanism—human control by human effort in accordance with human ideals. If providentialism wins, humanity is doomed either to stagnation or else to distortion, the material and the

spiritual sides of his life being in disharmony. And in spite of the old proverb, "The Gods help them who help themselves," the conception of a personal divine being is the chief asset on the side of Providentialism.

God and the Devil

SAMUEL BUTLER

God's merits are so transcendent that it is not surprising his faults should be in reasonable proportion. The faults are, indeed, on such a scale that, when looked at without relation to the merits with which they are interwoven, they become so appalling that people shrink from ascribing them to the Deity and have invented the Devil, without seeing that there would be more excuse for God's killing the Devil, and so getting rid of evil, than there can be for his failing to be everything that he would like to be.

For God is not so white as he is painted, and he gets on better with the Devil than people think. The Devil is too useful for him to wish him ill and, in like manner, half the Devil's trade would be at an end should any great mishap bring God well down in the world. For all the mouths they make at one another they play into each other's hands and have got on so well as partners, playing Spenlow and Jorkins to one another, for so many years that there seems no reason why they should cease to do so. The conception of them as the one absolutely void of evil and the other of good is a vulgar notion taken from science whose priests have ever sought to get every idea and every substance pure of all alloy.

God and the Devil are about as four to three. There is enough preponderance of God to make it far safer to be on his side than on the Devil's, but the excess is not so great as his professional claqueurs pretend it is. It is like gambling at Monte Carlo; if you play long enough you are sure to lose, but now and again you may win a great deal of excellent

money if you will only cease playing the moment you have won it.

From—The Soliloquy of Jesus

GEORGE MOORE

Rites and observances, all that come under the name of religion estrange us from God. . . . God is not here or there, but everywhere: in the flower, in the star, and in the earth underfoot. He has often been at my elbow, God or this vast Providence that upholds His work; but shall we gather the universal will into an image and call it God?—for by doing this do we not drift back to the starting-point of all our misery? We again become the dupes of illusion, and desire; God and His heaven are our old enemies in disguise. He who yields himself to God goes forth to persuade others to love God, and very soon his love of God impels him to violent words and cruel deeds. It cannot be else, for God is but desire, and whosoever yields to desire falls into sin. To be without sin we must be without God, asking ourselves if God were not indeed the last uncleanness of the mind.

Hertha

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

I am that which began;
Out of me the years roll;
Out of me God and man;
I am equal and whole;
God changes, and man, and the form of them
bodily; I am the soul.

Before ever land was,
Before ever the sea,
Or soft hair of the grass,
Or fair limb of the tree,

Or the flesh-colored fruit of my branches,
I was, and thy soul was in me.

First life on my sources
First drifted and swam;
Out of me are the forces
That save it or damn;
Out of me man and woman, and wild-beast
and bird; before God was, I am.

Beside or above me
Nought is there to go;
Love or unlove me,
Unknow me or know,
I am that which unloves me and loves; I am
stricken, and I am the blow.

I the mark that is missed
And the arrows that miss,
I the mouth that is kissed
And the breath in the kiss,
The search, and the sought, and the seeker,
the soul and the body that is.

I am that thing which blesses
My spirit elate;
That which caresses
With hands uncreate
My limbs unbegotten that measure the length
of the measure of fate.

But what thing dost thou now,
Looking Godward, to cry
"I am I, thou art thou,
I am low, thou art high"?
I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him;
find thou but thyself, thou art I.

I the grain and the furrow,
The plow-cloven clod
And the plowshare drawn through,
The germ and the sod,
The deed and the doer, the seed and the sower,
the dust which is God.

Hast thou known how I fashioned thee,
Child, underground?
Fire that impassioned thee,
Iron that bound,
Dim changes of water, what thing of all these
hast thou known of or found?

Canst thou say in thy heart
Thou hast seen with thine eyes
With what cunning of art
Thou wast wrought in what wise,
By what force of what stuff thou wast shapen,
and shown on my breast to the skies?

Who hath given, who hath sold it thee,
Knowledge of me?
Hath the wilderness told it thee?
Hast thou learnt of the sea?
Hast thou communed in spirit with night?
have the winds taken counsel with thee?

Have I set such a star
To show light on thy brow
That thou sawest from afar
What I show to thee now?
Have ye spoken as brethren together, the sun
and the mountains and thou?

What is here, dost thou know it?
What was, hast thou known?

Prophet nor poet
Nor tripod nor throne
Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer, but only
thy mother alone.

Mother, not maker,
Born, and not made;
Though her children forsake her,
Allured or afraid,
Praying prayers to the God of their fashion,
she stirs not for all that have prayed.

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit,
and live out thy life as the light.

I am in thee to save thee,
As my soul in thee saith;
Give thou as I gave thee,
Thy life-blood and breath,
Green leaves of thy labor, white flower of thy
thought, and red fruit of thy death.

Be the ways of thy giving
As mine were to thee;
The free life of thy living,
Be the gift of it free;
Not as servant to lord, nor as master to slave,
shalt thou give thee to me.

O children of banishment,
Souls overcast,
Were the lights ye see vanish meant
Always to last,

Ye would know not the sun overshining the
shadows and stars overpast.

I that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night
Set the shadow called God
In your skies to give light;
But the morning of manhood is risen, and the
shadowless soul is in sight.

The tree many-rooted
That swells to the sky
With frondage red-fruited,
The life-tree am I;
In the buds of your lives is the sap of my
leaves: ye shall live and not die.

But the Gods of your fashion
That take and that give,
In their pity and passion
That scourge and forgive,
They are worms that are bred in the bark that
falls off; they shall die and not live.

My own blood is what staunches
The wounds in my bark;
Stars caught in my branches
Make day of the dark,
And are worshipped as sunstill the sunrise shall
tread out their fires as a spark.

Where dead ages hide under
The live roots of the tree,
In my darkness the thunder
Makes utterance of me;
In the clash of my boughs with each other ye
hear the waves sound of the sea.

That noise is of Time,
As his feathers are spread
And his feet set to climb
Through the boughs overhead,
And my foliage rings round him and rustles,
and branches are bent with his tread.

The storm-winds of ages
Blow through me and cease,
The war-wind that rages,
The spring-wind of peace,
Ere the breath of them roughens my tresses,
ere one of my blossoms increase.

All sounds of all changes
All shadows and lights
On the world's mountain-ranges
And stream-riven heights,
Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and language
of storm-clouds on earth-shaking nights;

All forms of all faces,
All works of all hands
In unsearchable places
Of time-stricken lands,
All death and all life, and all reigns and all
ruins, drop through me as sands.

Though sore be my burden
And more than ye know,
And my growth have no guerdon
But only to grow,
Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings above
me or deathworms below.

These too have their part in me,
As I too in these;
Such fire is at heart in me
Such sap is this tree's,
Which hath in it all sounds and all secrets of
infinite lands and of seas.

In the spring-colored hours
When my mind was as May's,
There brake forth of me flowers
By centuries of days,
Strong blossoms with perfume of manhood,
shot out from my spirit as rays.

And the sound of them springing
And smell of their shoots
Were as warmth and sweet singing
And strength to my roots;
And the lives of my children made perfect
with freedom of soul were my fruits.

I bid you but be;
I have need not of prayer;
I have need of you free
As your mouths of mine air;
That my heart may be greater within me, be-
holding the fruits of me fair.

More fair than strange fruit is
Of faiths ye espouse;
In me only the root is
That blooms in your boughs;
Behold now the God that ye made you, to
feed him with faith of your vows.

In the darkening and whitening
Abysses adored,

With dayspring and lightning
For lamp and for sword,
God thunders in heaven, and his angels are
red with the wrath of the Lord.

O, my sons, O, too dutiful
Toward Gods not of me,
Was I not enough beautiful?
Was it hard to be free?
For behold, I am with you, am in you and of
you; look forth now and see.

Lo, winged with world's wonders,
With miracles shod,
With the fires of his thunders
For raiment and rod,
God trembles in heaven, and his angels are
white with the terror of God.

For his twilight is come on him,
His anguish is here;
And his spirits gaze dumb on him,
Grown gray from his fear;
And his hour taketh hold on him stricken,
the last of his infinite year.

Thought made him and breaks him,
Truth slays and forgives;
But to you, as time takes him,
This new thing it gives,
Even love, the belov'd Republic, that feeds
upon freedom and lives.

For truth only is living,
Truth only is whole,
And the love of his giving
Man's polestar and pole;

Man, pulse of my center, and fruit of my
body, and seed of my soul.

One birth of my bosom;

One beam of mine eye;

One topmost blossom

That scales the sky;

Man, equal and one with me, man that is
made of me, man that is I.

Dead Gods

WALLACE RICE

I

Thus saith our Father Man: 'Neath that deep hell
Which hath been wrought for curious wickedness
Yawns wide a deeper gulf, more merciless;
For those plunged in the tossing flames know well
Themselves to be alive, and still can dwell
Upon some better memory that may bless;
But Those beneath are doomed to silences
Eternal and black fate innominable:

Here lie dead gods. A momentary play
Of flickering flare above may show them, red;
Strange forms, most wonderful, most hideous, they:
There glooms a monarch with a monster's head,
Here perfect beauty, there obscene dismay—
And all are dead, utterly damned, and dead.

II

Thus saith our Father Man: Above the eyes
Of these once fearful shapes stands the twin screed
Of judgment: See! *Injustice* writ, and *Greed*,
Born of Force and Fear. Once these deities
Ruled mighty folk, with conquerors were allies

And co-despoilers. They saw weep and bleed
Weaker brethren, and gave no thought or heed
Save unto kings. Such their credulities.

From every conquest take they dreadful toll;
Before each shrine some gaudy hierarch,
Assuming safety for his ignorant soul,
Oblation makes of infamies most stark,
Dismal with doom. Law's splendid thunders roll—
God, prince, and priest go shrieking down the dark.

III

Thus saith our Father Man: It is the Law
Inevitable that who revere Me not,
Who hold themselves above the common lot,
Who hug a bestial faith in fang and claw
Thinking my children's hearts are theirs to gnaw,
Who with some grinning godhead make their plot
To plunder—they and all their gods shall rot,
All, all save those who hold My Name in awe.

The sculptured hands of those dead things had itch
For much, for more, for slaves still to supply
Their altars and to make their menials rich;
Thus they waxed fat. But Justice with a cry
Thrust down the selfish stones from plinth and
niche—
Of greed they died. Thus many a god shall die.

IV

Thus saith our Father Man: I am the Star
That gleams above the setting sun at night,
That leads the purple daybreak forth to light;
I am that hope ye follow from afar,
My sons' and daughters' glorious Avatar

Of selfless Justice, everlasting Right;
I am the Universal Friend, the bright
Inclusive Whole in Whom all peoples are.

Law alone stands above Me. Wrong I none,
No charity give, no blessing know, or ban;
But each, or god or man, must make atone
For every wrong done Me since time began
As done to Him Who told me "I am one
With My Father." This was the Son of Man.

Aquæ Sulis

THOMAS HARDY

The chimes called midnight, just at interlune,
And the daytime parle on the Roman investigations
Was shut to silence, save for the dusky tune
The bubbling waters played near the excavations.

And a warm air came up from underground,
And a flutter, as of a filmy shape unsepulchered,
That collected itself, and waited, and looked around:
Nothing was seen, but utterances could be heard:

Those of the Goddess whose shrine was underneath the
pile

Of the God with the baldachined altar overhead:
"And what did you win by raising this nave and aisle
Close to the site of the temple I tenanted?"

"The notes of your organ have thrilled down out of view
To the earth-clogged wrecks of my edifice many a year,
Though stately and shining once—aye, long ere you
Had set up crucifix and candle here.

"Your priests have trampled the dust of mine without
rueing,
Despising the joys of man whom I so much loved,

Though my springs boil on by your Gothic arcades and
 pewing,
 And sculptures crude. . . . Would Jove they could be
 removed!"

"Repress, O lady proud, your traditional ires;
 You know not by what a frail thread we equally hang;
 It is said we are images both—twitched by people's
 desires;
 And that I, as you, fail like a song men yesterday sang!"

"What—a Jumping-Jack you, and myself but a poor
 Jumping-Jill,
 Now worm-eaten, times ago twitched at Humanity's
 bid?
 O I cannot endure it!—But, chance to us whatso there
 will,
 Let us kiss and be friends! Come, agree you?"—None
 heard if he did. . . .

And the olden dark hid the cavities laid bare,
 And all was suspended and soundless as before,
 Except for a gossamery noise fading off in the air,
 And the boiling voice of the waters' medicinal pour.

'Αγνώστῳ Θεῷ

THOMAS HARDY

Long have I framed weak phantasies of Thee,
 O Willer masked and dumb!
 Who makest Life become,—
 As though by laboring all-unknowingly,
 Like one whom reveries numb.

How much of consciousness informs Thy will,
 Thy biddings, as if blind,
 Of death-inducing kind,

Nought shows to us ephemeral ones who fill
But moments in Thy mind.

Perhaps Thy ancient rote-restricted ways
Thy ripening rule transcends;
That listless effort tends
To grow percipient with advance of days,
And with percipience mends.

For, in unwonted purlieus, far and nigh,
At whiles or short or long,
May be discerned a wrong
Dying as of self-slaughter; whereat I
Would raise my voice in song.

Birth, Love, Death

WALLACE RICE

There's love for birth, and death for love;
And this is all we know
From earth beneath and heaven above;
With this alone we go

From birth to love, from love to death;
And, whether hurt or whole,
We gain all we shall have from breath
And, breathless, gain no goal

Through love and death or love and birth
From heavens that lour or glow,
From earth or anything on earth.
For this is all we know:

That joy in birth, death and its woe,
Delight in loveliness,
Are love's and love's alone, and so
Is all to ban or bless.

Under the skies, beneath the sod,
What need we of another god?

Dei Veri Nostri

WALLACE RICE

God does not come to me as I grow old
Unless it be that woman's love is God
And love of woman worship. I've no hold
On life but this, nor other path have trod.
Long since I came forth from a woman's womb
Unto a woman's bosom, white and warm,
Blue-veined and beautiful; and march to doom,
Such my one hope, beside me woman's charm.
What more need I, to round my pleasant days,
Than prayer to her, to spur me to the soul
Than prayer she answers, to command my praise
Than beauty shared — what creed, to save life
whole
My faith's in Her, my scripture; and my ritual
The love of Her: Why God, when She is All?

CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS

What need for blind belief now that I know
Man's love the torch of truth? Why should I stand
On promises so far, so dim? or go
Trusting beyond the grave a Promised Land?
For love is Heaven now: It dries my tears,
My womanhood fulfilling; youthful woe
And wordless yearning, long-borne pains and fears
Are healed that made the God of old my foe.
Alit with joy the sacred paths I trace,
Twining with man's my prayers. He guards life's
seed:
In him I've seen my God, the father's face
Thrice blest: His love meets every instant need.
My God, my Heaven are here and mine to sing:
Why should life wait on death for anything?

Siva, Destroyer

GEORGE PERRY

Whose voice shall say him nay?
Whose arm shall bar the way?
Lord of unbounded sway!—
Siva, Destroyer.

Proud kings, whose lightest breath
To men in life or death,
Heeds he your ruth or wrath?—
Siva, Destroyer.

Mother with bleeding breast
Bowed o'er thy birdling's nest,
Shall thy last woe arrest
Siva, Destroyer.

Maiden with eyes of love
Fixed on the heaven above,
Hast thou a prayer to move
Siva, Destroyer?

Youth of the lion heart,
Brave for life's noblest art,
Shall fame's fair glory thwart
Siva, Destroyer?

Earth in thy sweet array,
Bride of celestial day,
Hast thou one bloom to stay
Siva, Destroyer?

Stars on the dome of night,
Climbing to your far height,
Do ye escape his might?—
Siva, Destroyer.

What voice shall say him nay,
What arm shall bar his way,
Lord of unbounded sway!—
Siva, Destroyer.

Lucifer's Farewell

GEORGE SANTAYANA

O truth, O truth, eternal bitter truth,
Be thou my refuge when all else is blind!
Thou art the essence of my lofty mind;
At thy pure wells I will renew my youth.
Thy joyless bosom never was unkind
To him who loved thee; let us now be one.
I have no other friend, I have resigned
All love but thine. My foolish life is done.
But O ye hills that I have known of old,
Unravished of the sun, ye snowy flock
Forever sleeping, take me to your fold
And in your flanks of adamant rock
Entomb my fiery heart. Over me spread
Your frozen shroud and wreath me in ice-flowers,
To watch with you through everlasting hours
And not remember. Lo! I lift my head
Into the void, in scorn of all that live
Through hope and anguish and insensate wars.
For, knowing grief, I have forgot to grieve,
And, having suffered, without tears receive
The visitation of my kindred stars.

V

THE WISE OF OLD

V

THE WISE OF OLD

Job Speaks

I

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

And dost thou open thine eyes upon such an one, and bringest me into judgment with Thee?

Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one.

Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass;

Turn from him, that he may rest, till he shall accomplish, as a hireling, his day.

For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground;

Yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant.

But man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up:

So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

O that thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that thou

wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past, that thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me!

If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.

II

Oh that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat!

I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments.

I would know the words which he would answer me, and understand what he would say to me.

Will he plead against me with his great power? No; but he would put strength in me.

There the righteous might dispute with him; so should I be delivered for ever from my judge.

Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him:

On the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.

Body and Soul

LUCRETIVS; CYRIL BAILEY'S TRANSLATION

This nature of the soul is protected by the whole body, and is itself the guardian of the body, and the cause of its life; for the two cling together by common roots, and it is seen that they cannot be torn asunder without destruction. Even as it is not easy to tear out the scent from lumps of frankincense, but that its nature too passes away. So it is not easy to draw out the nature of mind and soul from the whole body, but that all alike is dissolved. With first beginnings so closely interlaced from their very birth are they begotten, endowed with a life shared in common, nor, as is clear to see, can the power of body or mind feel apart, either for itself without

the force of the other, but by the common motions of the two on this side and on that is sensation kindled and fanned throughout our flesh.

Moreover, the body is never begotten by itself, nor grows alone, nor is seen to last on after death. For never, as the moisture of water often gives off the heat which has been lent to it, and is not for that reason torn asunder itself, but remains unharmed, never, I say, in this way can the abandoned frame bear the separation of the soul, but it utterly perishes torn asunder, and rots away. So from the beginning of existence body and soul in mutual union learn the motions that give life, yea, even when hidden in the mother's limbs and womb, so that separation cannot come to pass without hurt and ruin; so that you can see, since the cause of their life is linked together, that their natures too must be linked in one.

For the rest, if any one is for proving that the body does not feel, and believes that it is the soul mingled with the whole body that takes up this motion, which we call sensation, he is fighting against even plain and true facts. For who will ever tell us what the feeling of the body is, if it be not what the clear fact itself has shown and taught us? "But when the soul has passed away the body is utterly deprived of sensation." Yes, for it loses that which was not its own in life, and many other things besides it loses when it is driven out of life.

The Rival Philosophies

LUCIAN; H. W. FOWLER'S TRANSLATION

If the city had been near at hand and plain for all to see, be assured I would never have doubted, nor needed prompting; I would have gone thither and had my franchise long ago; but as you tell me—you and your bard Hesiod—that it is set exceeding far off, one must find out the way to it, and the best guide. . . .

Now, so far as promises and professions go, there is no lack of guides; there are numbers of them waiting about, all representing themselves as from there. But instead of one single road there seem to be many different and inconsistent ones. North and South, East and West, they go; one leads through meadows and vegetation and shade, and is well watered and pleasant, with never a stumbling-block or inequality; another is rough and rocky, threatening heat and drought and toil. Yet all these are supposed to lead to the one city, though they take such different directions.

That is where my difficulty lies; whichever of them I try, there is sure to be a most respectable person stationed just at the entrance, with a welcoming hand and an exhortation to go his way; each of them says he is the only one who knows the straight road; his rivals are all mistaken, have never been themselves, nor learnt the way from competent guides. I go to his neighbour, and he gives me the same assurances about *his* way, abusing the other respectable persons; and so the next, and the next, and the next. This multiplicity and dissimilarity of the roads gives me searchings of heart, and still more the assertiveness and self-satisfaction of the guides; I really cannot tell which turning or whose directions are most likely to bring me to the city.

Seeking Philosophical Authority

LUCIAN; H. W. FOWLER'S TRANSLATION

If you could find a teacher, now, who understood demonstration and controversial method, and would impart his knowledge to you, you would be quit of your troubles; the best and the true would straightway be revealed to you, at the bidding of this art of demonstration, while falsehood would stand convicted; you would make your choice with confidence; judgment would be followed by philosophy; you would reach your long-desired Happiness, and live in its company, which sums up all good things.

But, even if we find someone who claims to know this art of demonstration, and is willing to impart it, we shall surely not take his word for it straight off; we shall look about for another man to resolve us whether the first is telling the truth. Finding number two, we shall still be uncertain whether our guarantor really knows the difference between a good judge and a bad, and shall need a number three to guarantee number two; for how can we possibly know ourselves how to select the best judge? You see how far this must go; the thing is unending; its nature does not allow us to draw the line and put a stop to it; for you will observe that all the demonstrations that can possibly be thought of are themselves unfounded and open to dispute; most of them struggle to establish their certainty by appealing to facts as questionable as themselves; and the rest produce certain truisms with which they compare, quite illegitimately, the most speculative theories, and then say they have demonstrated the latter: our eyes tell us there are altars to the Gods; therefore there must be Gods; that is the sort of thing.

From—The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD FITZGERALD

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discussed
Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scattered, and their mouths are stopped with
Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this is all the Harvest that I reaped—
“I came like Water, and like Wind I go.”

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking hither hurried *Whence*?
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence?
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence.

Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unraveled by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk awhile of *Me* and *Thee*
There was—and then no more of *Thee* and *Me*.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs revealed
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

Then of the *Thee in Me* who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without—"The *Me within Thee blind!*"

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I leaned, the Secret of my Life to learn;
And Lip to Lip it murmured—"While you live,
Drink!—for once dead, you never shall return." . . .

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit. . . .

Oh, threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

The Revelations of Devout and Learned
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burned,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
They told their comrades, and to Sleep returned.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell."

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire. . . .

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
Once glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed revealed,
To which the fainting Traveler might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

Would but some winged Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorded otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire! . . .

Meditations of a Hindoo Prince

SIR ALFRED LYELL

All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have
trod,

Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and steps of a
God?

Westward across the ocean, and Northward across the snow,
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest
know?

Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or the gusts of a
gathering storm;

In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are
seen,

Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the
wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and ever the censer swings,
As they bow to a mystic symbol, or the figures of ancient
kings;

And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loath to die.

For the Destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of the
hills;

Above is the sky, and around us the sound of the shot that
kills;

Pushed by a power we see not, and struck by a hand
unknown,
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a
stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns hol-
low and grim,
And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in the
twilight dim;
And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the mountain
crest,—
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and a
rest?

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the faithful
guide?

The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is the moun-
tain side,

For ever the shot strikes surely, and ever the wasted breath
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the fruit of an ancient
name,

Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women who
died in flame;

They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are spirits
who guard our race:

Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of mutter-
ing priests,

The revels and rites unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts!
What have they wrung from the Silence? Hath even a whis-
per come

Of the secret, Whence and Whither? Alas! for the gods are
dumb.

Shall I list to the words of the English, who come from the
uttermost sea?

“The Secret, hath it been told you, and what is your message
to me?”

It is nought but the world-wide story how the earth and
the heavens began,

How the gods are glad and angry, and a Deity once was
man.

I had thought, “Perchance in the cities where the rulers of
India dwell,

Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth
with a spell,

They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured
the unknown main,—”

Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is
vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the
dreamer awake?

Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the
mirror break?

Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is
gathered and gone

From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning
are level and lone?

Is there nought in the heaven above, whence the hail and
the levin are hurled,

But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the
rolling world?

The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me to silence
and sleep

With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and voices of
women who weep.

The Smile of All-Wisdom

GRAHAM R. TOMSON

Seeking the smile of All-Wisdom one wandered afar
(He that first fashioned the Sphinx in the dust of the
past) :

Looked on the faces of sages, of heroes of war;
Looked on the lips of the lords of the uttermost star,
Magi, and kings of the earth—nor had found it at
last,

Save for the word of a slave, hoary-headed and weak,
Trembling, that clung to the hem of his garment, and
said,

“Master, the least of your servants has found what you
seek:”

(Pardon, O Master, if all without wisdom I speak!)
*Sculpture the smile of your Sphinx from the lips of
the Dead!”*

Rising, he followed the slave to a hovel anear;
Lifted the mat from the doorway and looked on the
bed.

“Nay, thou hast spoken aright, thou hast nothing to fear:
That which I sought thou hast found, Friend; for, lo,
it is here!—

Surely the Smile of the Sphinx is the Smile of the
Dead!”

Aye, on the stone lips of old, on the clay of today,
Tranquil, inscrutable, sweet with a quiet disdain,
Lingers the Smile of All-Wisdom, still seeming to say,
“Fret not, O Friend, at the turmoil—it passeth away;
Waste not the Now in the search of a Then that is
vain.

“Hushed in the infinite dusk at the end shall ye be,
Feverish, questioning spirits that travail and yearn,
Quenched in the fulness of knowledge and peaceful as we:
Lo, we have lifted the veil—there was nothing to see!
Lo, we have looked on the scroll—there was nothing
to learn.”

From—Prometheus Unbound

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

(Act II, Scene IV: Asia and Demogorgon)

Asia. Who made the living world?

Demo. God.

Asia. Who made all
That it contains? Thought, passion, reason, will,
Imagination?

Demo. God: Almighty God.

Asia. Who made that sense which, when the winds of
spring
In rarest visitation, or the voice
Of one beloved heard in youth alone,
Fills the faint eyes with falling tears which dim
The radiant looks of unbewailing flowers
When it returns no more?

Demo. Merciful God.

Asia. And who made terror, madness, crime, remorse,
Which from the links of the great chain of things
To every thought within the mind of men
Sway and drag heavily, and each one reels
Under the load towards the pit of death;
Abandoned hope, and love that turns to hate;
And self-contempt, bitterer to drink than blood;

Pain, whose unheeded and familiar speech
Is howling, and keen shrieks, day after day;
And Hell, or the sharp fear of Hell?

Demo. He reigns.

Asia. Utter his name; a world pining in pain
Asks but his name; curses shall drag him down.

Demo. He reigns.

Asia. I feel, I know it: who?

Demo. He reigns.

Asia. Who reigns? There was the Heaven and Earth at first,
And Light and Love; then Saturn, from whose
throne
Time fell, an envious shadow; such the state
Of the earth's primal spirits beneath his sway,
As the calm joy of flowers and living leaves
Before the wind or sun has withered them
And semi-vital worms; but he refused
The birthright of their being, knowledge, power,
The skill which wields the elements, the thought
Which pierces this dim universe like light,
Self-empire, and the majesty of love;
For thirst of which they fainted. Then Prometheus
Gave wisdom, which is strength, to Jupiter,
And with this law alone, "Let man be free,"
Clothed him with the dominion of wide Heaven.
To know nor faith, nor love, nor law, to be
Omnipotent but friendless, is to reign:
And Jove now reigned; for on the race of man
First famine, and then toil, and then disease,
Strife, wounds, and ghastly death unseen before,
Fell; and the unseasonable seasons drove,
With alternating shafts of frost and fire,
Their shelterless, pale tribes to mountain caves;
And in their desert hearts fierce wants he sent,

And mad disquietudes, and shadows idle
Of unreal good, which levied mutual war,
So ruining the lair wherein they raged.
Prometheus saw, and waked the legioned hopes
Which sleep within folded Elysian flowers,
Nepenthe, Moly, Amaranth, fadeless blooms,
That they might hide with thin and rainbow wings
The shape of Death; and Love he sent to bind
The disunited tendrils of that vine
Which bears the wine of life, the human heart;
And he tamed fire which, like some beast of prey,
Most terrible, but lovely, played beneath
The frown of man; and tortured to his will
Iron and gold, the slaves and signs of power,
And gems and poisons, and all subtlest forms
Hidden beneath the mountains and the waves.
He gave man speech, and speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe;
And Science struck the thrones of earth and heaven,
Which shook, but fell not; and the harmonious mind
Poured itself forth in all-prophetic song;
And music lifted up the listening spirit
Until it walked, exempt from mortal care,
Godlike, o'er the clear billows of sweet sound;
And human hands first mimicked and then mocked,
With moulded limbs more lovely than its own,
The human form, till marble grew divine;
And mothers, gazing, drank the love men see
Reflected in their race, behold, and perish.
He told the hidden power of herbs and springs,
And Disease drank and slept. Death grew like sleep.
He taught the implicated orbits woven
Of the wide-wandering stars; and how the sun
Changes his lair, and by what secret spell
The pale moon is transformed, when her broad eye
Gazes not on the interlunar sea.

He taught to rule, as life directs the limbs,
The tempest-winged chariots of the Ocean,
And the Celt knew the Indian. Cities then
Were built, and through their snow-like columns
flowed

The warm winds, and the azure ether shone,
And the blue sea and shadowy hills were seen.
Such, the alleviations of his state,
Prometheus gave to man, for which he hangs
Withering in destined pain; but who rains down
Evil, the immedicable plague, which, while
Man looks on his creation like a god
And sees that it is glorious, drives him on,
The wreck of his own will, the scorn of earth,
The outcast, the abandoned, the alone?
Not Jove: while yet his frown shook heaven, aye,
when

His adversary from adamantine chains
Cursed him, he trembled like a slave. Declare
Who is his master? Is he too a slave?

Demo. All spirits are enslaved which serve things evil:
Thou knowest if Jupiter be such or no.

Asia. Whom called'st thou God?

Demo. I spoke but as ye speak,
For Jove is the supreme of living things.

Asia. Who is the master of the slave?

Demo. If the abysm
Could vomit forth its secrets—but a voice
Is wanting, the deep truth is imageless;
For what would it avail to bid thee gaze
On the revolving world? What to bid speak
Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance and Change? To these
All things are subject but eternal Love.

From—The Apologia of Socrates

PLATO

Death must be one of two things: either it is nothingness, or else, as some say, it is a passing of the soul to another world. Now, if it is nothingness, like a sleep in which there is no dream, I say death is a marvelous gain. For, if any man takes that night in which he slept and had no dream, and sets it beside all the other days and nights of his life and compares them, and says how many were better spent and happier than that one night—I am sure that not a man, even were he the Great King of Persia himself, would count any such time better than the night of dreamless sleep. If death is like this, it is surely a gain, for eternity then is no longer than a single night.

But if, as some say, we go hence to another land wherein are all the dead, what greater good could there be than that? . . . To talk with them there, and live with them, and ask them questions, would be happiness beyond the telling. Surely there they would not kill a man for that: they are happier than we of this world, and they shall never know death—if what some say is true.

VI

PRIESTCRAFT AND PIETY

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Priestly Magic and Human Benefit

WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD

Although I have many times asked for it from those who said that somewhere and at some time mankind had derived benefits from a priesthood laying claim to a magical character and powers, I have never been able to get any evidence for their statement. Nobody will give me a date, and a latitude and longitude, that I may examine into the matter. "In the Middle Ages the priests and monks were the sole depositaries of learning." Quite so; a man burns your house to the ground, builds a miserable hovel on the ruins, and then takes credit for whatever shelter there is about the place. In the Middle Ages nearly all learned men were obliged to become priests and monks. "Then again, the bishops have sometimes acted as tribunes of the people, to protect them against the tyranny of Kings." No doubt, when Pope and Cæsar fall out, honest men may come by their own. If two men rob you in a dark lane, and then quarrel over the plunder, so that you get a chance to escape with your life, you will of course be very grateful to each of them for having prevented the other from killing you; but you would be much more grateful to a policeman who locked them both up. Two powers have sought to enslave the people, and have quarreled with each other; certainly we are very much obliged to them for quarreling, but a condition of still greater happiness and security would be in the non-existence of both.

I can find no evidence that seriously militates against the rule that the priest is at all times and in all places the enemy of all men—*Sacerdos semper, ubique, et omnibus inimicus*.

I do not deny that the priest is very often a most earnest and conscientious man, doing the very best that he knows of as well as he can do it. Lord Amberley is quite right in saying that the blame rests more with the laity than with the priesthood; that it has insisted on magic and mysteries, and has forced the priesthood to produce them. But then, how dreadful is the system that puts good men to such uses!

A Little Boy Lost

WILLIAM BLAKE

“Nought loves another as himself,
Nor venerates another so,
Nor is it possible to thought
A greater than itself to know.

“And, father, how can I love you
Or any of my brothers more?
I love you like the little bird
That picks up crumbs around the door.”

The Priest sat by and heard the child;
In trembling zeal he seized his hair,
He led him by his little coat;
And all admired the priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,
“Lo, what a fiend is here!” said he:
“One who sets reason up for judge
Of our most holy mystery.”

The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain:
They stripped him to his little shirt,
And bound him in an iron chain,

And burned him in a holy place
 Where many had been burned before;
 The weeping parents wept in vain.
 Are such things done on Albion's shore?

Pis-Aller

MATTHEW ARNOLD

"Man is blind because of sin,
 Revelation makes him sure;
 Without that, who looks within,
 Looks in vain, for all's obscure."

Nay, look closer into man!
 Tell me, can you find indeed
 Nothing sure, no moral plan
 Clear prescribed, without your creed?

"No, I nothing can perceive!
 Without that, all's dark for men.
 That, or nothing, I believe."—
 For God's sake, believe it then!

Religious Dogma and Government

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

What has been the outcome of the old religious persecutions, of the trials, tortures, imprisonings, burnings, and massacres, culminating with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes? What did the Inquisition and the censorship, both so long unquestioned, accomplish? Did they succeed in defending the truth or "safeguarding" society? At any rate, conformity was not established. Nor did the Holy Roman Church maintain its monopoly, although it has survived, purified and freed from many an ancient abuse. In most countries of western Europe and in our own land one may now believe as

he wishes, teach such religious views as appeal to him, and join with others who share his sympathies. "Atheism" is still a shocking charge in many ears, but the atheist is no longer an outlaw. It has been demonstrated, in short, that religious dogma can be neglected in matters of public concern and reduced to a question of private taste and preference.

This is an incredible revolution. But we have many reasons for suspecting that in a much shorter time than that which has elapsed since the Inquisition was founded, the present attempt to eliminate by force those who contemplate a fundamental reordering of social and economic relations will seem quite as inexpedient and hopeless as the Inquisition's attempt to defend the monopoly of the medieval Church.

In Harmony With Nature

(To a Preacher)

MATTHEW ARNOLD

"In Harmony with Nature?" Restless fool,
Who with such heat dost preach what were to thee,
When true, the last impossibility—
To be like Nature strong, like Nature cool!

Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more,
And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good.
Nature is cruel, man is sick of blood;
Nature is stubborn, man would fain adore;

Nature is fickle, man hath need of rest;
Nature forgives no debt, and fears no grave;
Man would be mild, and with safe conscience blest.

Man must begin, know this, where Nature ends;
Nature and man can never be fast friends.
Fool, if thou canst not pass her, rest her slave!

Credulity

WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD

The harm which is done by credulity in a man is not confined to the fostering of a credulous character in others, and consequent support of false beliefs. Habitual want of care about what I believe leads to habitual want of care in others about the truth of what is told to me. Men speak the truth to one another when each reveres the truth in his own mind and in the other's mind; but how shall my friend revere the truth in my mind when I myself am careless about it, when I believe things because I want to believe them, and because they are comforting and pleasant? Will he not learn to cry, "Peace," to me, when there is no peace? By such a course I shall surround myself with a thick atmosphere of falsehood and fraud, and in that I must live. It may matter little to me, in my cloud-castle of sweet illusions and darling lies; but it matters much to Man that I have made my neighbors ready to deceive. The credulous man is father to the liar and the cheat; he lives in the bosom of his family, and it is no marvel if he should become even as they are. So closely are our duties knit together, that whoso shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.

To sum up: it is wrong always, everywhere, and for any one, to believe anything upon insufficient evidence.

If a man, holding a belief which he was taught in childhood or persuaded of afterwards, keeps down and pushes away any doubts which arise about it in his mind, purposely avoids the reading of books and the company of men that call in question or discuss it, and regards as impious those questions which cannot easily be asked without disturbing it—the life of that man is one long sin against mankind.

If this judgment seems harsh when applied to those simple

souls who have never known better, who have been brought up from the cradle with a horror of doubt, and taught that their eternal welfare depends on *what* they believe, then it leads to a very serious question, *Who hath made Israel to sin?*

It may be permitted to fortify this judgment with the sentence of Milton—

“A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determine, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy.”

And with this famous aphorism of Coleridge—

“He who begins by loving Christianity better than Truth, will proceed by loving his own sect or Church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all.”

Prayer and Weather

RICHARD A. PROCTOR

The possible influence of prayer in modifying the progress of events is a purely scientific question. On the other hand, the propriety of the praying attitude, which really expresses only desire, coupled with submission, is a religious question,—on which (though it is quite outside dogmatic theology, and well within our sphere, which, of course, includes natural religion) I have not touched at all.

As a scientific question, the matter has been debated over and over again—with no particular result, because the student of science can only have one opinion on the subject, while the unscientific only *think* they think about it. Good old Benjamin Franklin was one of the first to be denounced for giving the only possible opinion. But many must have been still more foolish then than several now; for they positively asked him whether he did not think it sinful to devise methods for changing the predestined course of God's lighting!

Providence and Causation

HERBERT SPENCER

We hear with surprise of the savage who, falling down a precipice, ascribes the failure of his foothold to a malicious demon; and we smile at the kindred notion of the ancient Greek, that his death was prevented by a goddess who unfastened for him the thong of the helmet by which his enemy was dragging him. But daily, without surprise, we hear men who describe themselves as saved from shipwreck by "divine interposition," who speak of having "providentially" missed a train which met with a fatal disaster, and who call it a "mercy" to have escaped injury from a falling chimney-pot—men who, in such cases, recognize physical causation no more than do the uncivilized or semi-civilized. The Veddah who thinks that failure to hit an animal with his arrow resulted from inadequate invocation of an ancestral spirit, and the Christian priest who says prayers over a sick man in the expectation that the course of his disease will be so stayed, differ only in respect of the agent from whom they expect supernatural aid and the phenomena to be altered by him: the necessary relations among causes and effects are tacitly ignored by the last as much as by the first.

The Truth

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Let us be honest. Let us preserve the veracity of our souls. Let education commence in the cradle—in the lap of the loving mother. This is the first school. The teacher, the mother, should be absolutely honest.

The nursery should not be an asylum for lies.

Parents should be modest enough to be truthful—honest enough to admit their ignorance. Nothing should be taught as true that cannot be demonstrated.

Every child should be taught to doubt, to enquire, to demand reasons. Every soul should defend itself—should be on its guard against falsehood, deceit, and mistake, and should beware of all kinds of confidence men, including those in the pulpit.

From—The Storms of Time

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

All the storms of time, and wrath of many winds, may
carve no trace

On the viewless altar, though the veil bear many a name and
face:

Many a live God's likeness woven, many a scripture dark
with awe,

Bids the veil seem verier iron than the word of life's own
law.

Till the might of change hath rent it with a rushing wind
in twain,

Stone or steel it seems, whereon the wrath of chance is
wreaked in vain:

Stone or steel, and all behind it or beyond its lifted sign
Clouds and vapor, no subsistence of a change-unstricken
shrine.

God by god flits past in thunder, till his glories turn to shades:
God to god bears wondering witness how his gospel flames
and fades.

More was each of these, while yet they were, than man their
servant seemed:

Dead are all of these, and man survives who made them
while he dreamed.

The Impercipient

(At a Cathedral Service)

THOMAS HARDY

That with this bright believing band
I have no right to be,
That faiths by which my comrades stand
Seem fantasies to me,
And mirage-mists their Shining Land,
Is a strange destiny.

Why thus my soul should be consigned
To infelicity,
Why always I must feel as blind
To sights my brethren see,
Why joys they've found I cannot find,
Abides a mystery.

Since heart of mine knows not that ease
Which they know; since it be
That He who breathes All's-Well to these
Breathes no All's-Well to me
My lack might move their sympathies
And Christian charity.

I am like a gazer who should mark
An inland company
Standing upfingered, with, "Hark! hark!
The glorious distant sea!"
And feel, "Alas, 'tis but yon dark
And wind-swept pine to me!"

Yet I would bear my shortcomings
With meet tranquillity,
But for the charge that blessed things
I'd liefer not have be.
O, doth a bird deprived of wings
Go earth-bound wilfully!

* * * *

Enough. As yet disquiet clings
About us. Rest shall we.

The Church Bells Tolloed

JOHN KEATS

The church bells tollod a melancholy round,
Calling the people to some other prayers,
Some other gloominess, more dreadful cares,
More hearkening to the sermon's horrid sound.
Surely the mind of man is closely bound
To some blind spell; seeing that each one tears
Himself from fireside joys, and Lydian airs,
Fond converse high of those with glory crowned.

Still, still they toll, and I should feel a damp,—
A chill as from a tomb, did I not know
That they are dying like an outburnt lamp;
That 'tis their sighing, wailing as they go
Into oblivion;—that fresh flowers will grow,
And many glories of immortal stamp.

The Garden of Love

WILLIAM BLAKE

I laid me down upon a bank
Where Love lay sleeping;
I heard among the rushes dank
Weeping, weeping.

Then went I to the heath and wild,
To the thistles and thorns of the waste;
And they told me how they were beguiled,
Driven out, and compelled to be chaste.

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen;
A chapel was built in the midst
Where I used to play upon the green.

And the gates of this chapel were shut,
And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door;
So I turned to the Garden of Love,
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tombstones where flowers should be;
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

Holy Willie's Prayer

ROBERT BURNS

O Thou that in the Heavens does dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best Thysel,
Sends ane to Heaven and ten to Hell
A' for Thy glory,
And no for onie guid or ill
They've done afore Thee!

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
When thousands Thou has left in night,
That I am here before Thy sight,
For gifts and grace,
A burning and a shining light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation?
I, wha deserved most just damnation
For broken laws
Sax thousand years ere my creation,
Through Adam's cause!

But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance ye've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye hae nane!
Justice, alas! has gien him o'er,
And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, sir, deil as ye are,
Look something to your credit;
A coof like him wad stain your name,
If it were kent ye did it.

The Little Vagabond

WILLIAM BLAKE

Dear mother, dear mother, the Church is cold;
But the Alehouse is healthy, and pleasant, and warm.
Besides, I can tell where I am used well;
The poor parsons with wind like a blown bladder swell.

But, if at the Church they would give us some ale,
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach, and drink, and sing,
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring;
And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at Church,
Would not have bandy children, nor fasting, nor birch.

And God, like a father, rejoicing to see
His children as pleasant and happy as He,
Would have no more quarrel with the Devil or the barrel,
But kiss him, and give him both drink and apparel.

From—The Altar of Righteousness

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Since man, with a child's pride proud, and abashed as a
child and afraid,
Made God in his likeness, and bowed him to worship the
Maker he made,
No faith more dire hath enticed man's trust that the saint's
whose creed
Made Caiaphas one with Christ, that worms on the cross
might feed.
Priests gazed upon God in the eyes of a babe new-born,
and therein
Beheld not heaven, and the wise glad secret of love, but sin.
Accursed of heaven, and baptized with the baptism of
hatred and hell,
They spat on the name they despised and adored as a sign
and a spell.
"Lord Christ, thou art God, and a liar: they were children
of wrath, not of grace,
Unbaptized, unredeemed from the fire they were born for,
who smiled in Thy face."
Of such is the kingdom—he said it—of heaven: and the
heavenly word
Shall live when religion is dead, and when falsehood is dumb
shall be heard.
And the message of James and of John was as Christ's and
love's own call:
But wrath passed sentence thereon when Annas replied in
Paul.
The dark old God who had slain him grew one with the
Christ he slew,
And poison was rank in the grain that with growth of his
gospel grew.
And the blackness of darkness brightened: and red in the
heart of the flame

Shone down, as a blessing that lightened, the curse of a
new God's name.

Through centuries of burning and trembling belief as a
signal it shone,

Till man, soul-sick of dissembling, bade fear and her frauds
begone.

God Cerberus yelps from his throats triune: but his day,
which was night,

Is quenched, with its stars and the notes of its night-birds,
in silence and light.

The flames of its fires and the psalms of its psalmists are
darkened and dumb:

Strong winter has withered the palms of his angels, and
stricken them numb.

God, father of lies, God, son of perdition, God, spirit of ill,
Thy will that for ages was done is undone as a dead God's
will.

Not Mahomet's sword could slay thee, nor Borgia's nor
Calvin's praise:

But the scales of the spirit that weigh thee are weighted with
truth, and it slays.

The song of the day of thy fury, when nature and death
shall quail,

Ring now as the thunders of Jewry, the ghost of a dead
world's tale.

That day and its doom foreseen and foreshadowed on
earth, when thou

Lord God, wast lord of the keen dark season, are sport for
us now.

Thy claws were clipped and thy fangs plucked out by the
hands that slew

Men, lovers of man, whose pangs bore witness if truth
were true.

Men crucified rose again from the sepulcher builded to be
No grave for the souls of the men who denied thee, but,
Lord, for thee.

The Material Universe Not All

JOHN COWPER POWYS

No one really, in spite of all progress, knows any better what lies behind the dream of life than people did in the days of Job or in the days of Rameses.

Still over our heads and under our feet stretches the incredible monstrosity of boundless space. Still before us and behind us stretches the incredible monstrosity of boundless time. Still when we sink into our minds we find the movements of consciousness itself turning eternally in one and the same fatal circle.

Science reduces everything to invisible electric forces, mathematics to invisible logical entities; but meanwhile the *visible earth* remains, brown and green and gray; and the darkness and the light make up the procession of our irreducible hours.

The metaphysicians hypostatize the processes of the human mind into unreal eidolons. Out of the wavering mythologies created by poets, theologians build up complicated dogmatic systems. The priest conserves as sacrosanct what the prophet announces as inspired. And all the while, the natural-minded ordinary man, looking round upon the unsolved, unaltered mystery, remains sceptical, ironical, patient, silent!

One thing is certain. The vast material universe which we are compelled to contemplate out there in the void, stretching immeasurably to unthinkable horizons, *is not all there is*.

From the vantage-ground of some secret citadel in the depths of our being we are aware, beyond all doubt, that this particular spectacle does not exhaust the possibilities of being. But whether we, who know that this material universe *is not all*, will ever share, more fully than in our limited consciousness we are sharing now, these other levels of existence is a question beyond the reach of any human reply.

From—Mistakes of Moses

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Let us admit what we know to be true; that Moses was mistaken about a thousand things; that the story of creation is not true; that the Garden of Eden is a myth; that the serpent and the tree of knowledge, and the fall of man are but fragments of old mythologies lost and dead; that woman was not made out of a rib; that serpents never had the power of speech; that the sons of God did not marry the daughters of men; that the story of the flood and ark is not exactly true; that the tower of Babel is a mistake; that the confusion of tongues is a childish thing; that the origin of the rainbow is a foolish fancy; that Methuselah did not live nine hundred and sixty-nine years; that Enoch did not leave this world, taking with him his flesh and bones; that the story of Sodom and Gomorrah is somewhat improbable; that burning brimstone never fell like rain; that Lot's wife was not changed into chloride of sodium; that Jacob did not, in fact, put his hip out of joint wrestling with God; that the history of Tamar might just as well have been left out; that a belief in Pharaoh's dreams is not essential to salvation; that it makes but little difference whether the rod of Aaron was changed to a serpent or not; that of all the wonders said to have been performed in Egypt, the greatest is, that anybody ever believed the absurd account; that God did not torment the innocent cattle on account of the sins of their owners; that he did not kill the first born of the poor maid behind the mill because of Pharaoh's crimes; that flies and frogs were not ministers of God's wrath; that lice and locusts were not the executors of his will; that seventy people did not, in two hundred and fifteen years, increase to three million; that three priests could not eat six hundred pigeons in a day; that gazing at a brass serpent could not extract poison from the blood; that God did not go in partnership with hornets; that he did not murder people simply because they asked for something to eat;

that he did not declare the making of hair oil and ointment an offence to be punished with death; that he did not miraculously preserve cloth and leather; that he was not afraid of wild beasts; that he did not punish heresy with sword and fire; that he was not jealous, revengeful, and unjust; that he knew all about the sun, moon, and stars; that he did not threaten to kill people for eating the fat of an ox; that he never told Aaron to draw cuts to see which of two goats should be killed; that he never objected to clothes made of woolen mixed with linen; that if he objected to dwarfs, people with flat noses and too many fingers, he ought not to have created such folks; that he did not demand human sacrifices as set forth in the last chapter of Leviticus; that he did not object to the raising of horses; that he never commanded widows to spit in the faces of their brothers-in-law; that several contradictory accounts of the same transaction cannot all be true; that God did not talk to Abraham as one man talks to another; that angels were not in the habit of walking about the earth eating veal dressed with milk and butter, and making bargains about the destruction of cities; that God never turned himself into a flame of fire, and lived in a bush; that he never met Moses in a hotel and tried to kill him; that it was absurd to perform miracles to induce a king to act in a certain way and then harden his heart so that he would refuse; that God was not kept from killing the Jews by the fear that the Egyptians would laugh at him; that he did not secretly bury a man and then allow the corpse to write an account of the funeral; that he never believed the firmament to be solid; that he knew slavery was and always would be a frightful crime; that polygamy is but stench and filth; that the brave soldier will always spare an unarmed foe; that only cruel cowards slay the conquered and the helpless; that no language can describe the murderer of a smiling babe; that God did not want the blood of doves and lambs; that he did not love the smell of burning flesh; that he did not want his altars daubed with blood; that he did not pretend that the

sins of a people could be transferred to a goat; that he did not believe in witches, wizards, spooks, and devils; that he did not test the virtue of woman with dirty water; that he did not suppose that rabbits chewed the cud; that he never thought there were any four-footed birds; that he did not boast for several hundred years that he had vanquished an Egyptian king; that a dry stick did not bud, blossom, and bear almonds in one night; that manna did not shrink and swell, so that each man could gather only just one omer; that it was never wrong to "countenance the poor man in his cause"; that God never told a people not to live in peace with their neighbors; that he did not spend forty days with Moses on Mount Sinai giving him patterns for making clothes, tongs, basins, and snuffers; that maternity is not a sin; that physical deformity is not a crime; that an atonement cannot be made for the soul by shedding innocent blood; that killing a dove over running water will not make its blood a medicine; that a god who demands love knows nothing of the human heart; that one who frightens savages with loud noises is unworthy the love of civilized men; that one who destroys children on account of the sins of their fathers is a monster; that an infinite God never threatened to give people the itch; that he never sent wild beasts to devour babes; that he never ordered the violation of maidens; that he never regarded patriotism as a crime; that he never ordered the destruction of unborn children; that he never opened the earth and swallowed wives and babes because husbands and fathers had displeased him; that he never demanded that men should kill their sons and brothers, for the purpose of sanctifying themselves; that we cannot please God by believing the improbable; that credulity is not a virtue; that investigation is not a crime; that every mind should be free; that all religious persecution is infamous in God, as well as man; that without liberty, virtue is impossible; that without freedom, even love cannot exist; that every man should be allowed to think and to express his thoughts; that woman is the equal of man;

that children should be governed by love and reason; that the family relation is sacred; that war is a hideous crime; that all intolerance is born of ignorance and hate; that the freedom of today is the hope of tomorrow; that the enlightened present ought not to fall upon its knees and blindly worship the barbaric past; and that every free, brave and enlightened man should publicly declare that all the ignorant, infamous, heartless, hideous things recorded in the "inspired" Pentateuch are not the words of God, but simply "Some Mistakes of Moses."

The Human Abstract

WILLIAM BLAKE

Pity would be no more
If we did not make somebody poor,
And Mercy no more could be
If all were as happy as we.

And mutual fear brings Peace,
Till the selfish loves increase;
Then Cruelty knits a snare,
And spreads his bait with care.

He sits down with holy fears,
And waters the ground with tears;
Then Humility takes root
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade
Of Mystery over his head,
And the caterpillar and fly
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,
Ruddy and sweet to eat,
And the raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade.

The gods of the earth and sea
 Sought through nature to find this tree,
 But their search was all in vain:
 There grows one in the human Brain.

Contrite Sinners

(Translated by Walter Béran Wolfe)

ALFRED ADLER

Those who have not been torn out of their social relationships by the complicated muddle of our educational system are best adapted to pursue researches in human nature. We are dealing with men and women who are, in the last analysis, either optimists, or fighting pessimists who have not been driven to resignation by their pessimism. But contact with humanity, alone, is not enough. There must be experience as well. A real appreciation of human nature, in the face of our inadequate education today, will be gained only by one class of human beings. These are the contrite sinners, either those who have been in the whirlpool of psychic life, entangled in all its mistakes and errors, and saved themselves out of it, or those who have been close to it and felt its currents touching them. Others naturally can learn it, especially when they have the gift of identification, the gift of empathy. The best knower of the human soul will be the one who has lived through human passions himself. The contrite sinner seems as valuable a type in our day and age as he was in the days when the great religions developed. He stands much higher than a thousand righteous ones. How does this happen? An individual who has lifted himself above the difficulties of life, extricated himself from the swamp of living, found power to profit by bad experiences, and elevate himself as a result of them, understands the good and the bad sides of life. No one can compare with him in this understanding, certainly not the righteous one.

Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous

ROBERT BURNS

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
You've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neibour's fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied with store o' water,
The heaped happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than all the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop;

Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco lee-way.

See social life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmogrified, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking:
Oh would they stay to calculate
The eternal consequences:
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias:

Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

Our Father Man

WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD

Far be it from me to undervalue the help and strength which many of the bravest of our brethren have drawn from the thought of an unseen helper of men. He who, wearied or stricken in the fight with the powers of darkness asks himself in a solitary place, "Is it all for nothing? shall we indeed be overthrown?"—he does find something which may justify that thought. In such a moment of utter sincerity, when a man has bared his own soul before the immensities and the eternities, a presence in which his own poor personality is shriveled into nothingness arises within him, and says, as plainly as words can say, "I am with thee, and I am greater than thou." Many names of Gods, of many shapes, have men given to this presence; seeking by names and pictures to know more clearly and to remember more continually the guide and the helper of men. No such comradeship with the Great Companion shall have anything but reverence from me, who have known the divine gentleness of Denison Maurice, the strong and healthy practical instinct of Charles Kingsley, and who now revere with all my heart the teaching of James Martineau. They seem to me, one and all, to be reaching forward to a clearer vision which is yet to come—*tendentesque manus ripæ ulterioris amore*. For, after all, such a helper of men, outside of humanity, the truth will not allow us to see. The dim and shadowy outlines of the superhuman deity fade slowly away from before us; and as the mist of his presence floats aside, we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all

Gods and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history, and from the inmost depth of every soul, the face of our father Man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes, and says, "Before Jehovah was, I am!"

From—The Revolt of Islam

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

What dream ye? Your own hands have built a home
Even for yourselves on a belovèd shore;
For some, fond eyes are pining till they come—
How they will greet him when his toils are o'er,
And laughing babes rush from the well-known door!
Is this your care? ye toil for your own good—
Ye feel and think—has some immortal power
Such purposes? or in a human mood
Dream ye some Power thus builds for man in solitude?

What is that Power? Ye mock yourselves, and give
A human heart to what ye cannot know:
As if the cause of life could think and live!
'Twere as if man's own works should feel, and show
The hopes and fears and thoughts from which they flow,
And he be like to them. Lo! Plague is free
To waste, Blight, Poison, Earthquake, Hail, and Snow,
Disease, and Want, and worse Necessity
Of hate and ill, and Pride, and Fear, and Tyranny.

What is that Power? Some moon-struck sophist stood,
Watching the shade from his own soul upthrown
Fill Heaven and darken Earth, and in such mood
The Form he saw and worshipped was his own,
His likeness in the world's vast mirror shown;
And 'twere an innocent dream, but that a faith
Nursed by fear's dew of poison grows thereon,
And that men say that Power has chosen Death
On all who scorn its laws to wreak immortal wrath.

Men say that they themselves have heard and seen,
Or known from others who have known such things,
A Shade, a Form, which Earth and Heaven between
Wields an invisible rod—that Priests and Kings,
Custom, domestic sway, aye, all that brings
Man's free-born soul beneath the oppressor's heel,
Are his strong ministers, and that the stings
Of death will make the wise his vengeance feel,
Though truth and virtue arm their hearts with tenfold steel.

And it is said this Power will punish wrong;
Yes, add despair to crime, and pain to pain!
And deepest hell, and deathless snakes among,
Will bind the wretch on whom is fixed a stain,
Which, like a plague, a burden, and a bane,
Clung to him while he lived; for love and hate,
Virtue and vice, they say, are difference vain—
The will of strength is right. This human state
Tyrants, that they may rule, with lies thus desolate.

Alas, what strength? Opinion is more frail
Than yon dim cloud now fading on the moon
Even while we gaze, though it awhile avail
To hide the orb of truth—and every throne
Of Earth or Heaven, though shadow, rests thereon,
One shape of many names:—for this ye plow
The barren waves of Ocean—hence each one
Is slave or tyrant; all betray and bow,
Command, or kill, or fear, or wreak, or suffer woe.

Its names are each a sign which maketh holy
All power—aye, the ghost, the dream, the shade
Of power—lust, falsehood, hate, and pride, and folly;
The pattern whence all fraud and wrong is made,
A law to which mankind has been betrayed;

And human love is as the name well known
Of a dear mother whom the murderer laid
In bloody grave, and, into darkness thrown,
Gathered her wildered babes around him as his own.

O Love, who to the hearts of wandering men
Art as the calm to Ocean's weary waves!
Justice, or Truth, or Joy! these only can
From slavery and religion's labyrinth-caves
Guide us, as one clear star the seaman saves.
To give to all an equal share of good,
To track the steps of Freedom, though through graves
She pass, to suffer all in patient mood,
To weep for crime though stained with thy friend's dearest
blood,

To feel the peace of self-contentment's lot,
To own all sympathies, and outrage none,
And in the inmost bowers of sense and thought,
Until life's sunny day is quite gone down,
To sit and smile with joy, or, not alone,
To kiss salt tears from the worn cheek of Woe;
To live as if to love and live were one,—
This is not faith or law, nor these who bow
To thrones on Heaven or Earth such destiny may know.

But children near their parents tremble now,
Because they must obey; one rules another,
And, as one Power rules both high and low,
So man is made the captive of his brother,
And Hate is throned on high with Fear his mother
Above the Highest; and these fountain-cells
Whence love yet flowed when faith had choked all other,
Are darkened—Woman as the bond-slave dwells
Of man, a slave; and life is poisoned in its wells.



VII
CREEDS AND DOGMA



VII

CREEDS AND DOGMA

The Ancient Antagonism

HERBERT SPENCER

Of all antagonisms of belief the oldest, the widest, the most profound, and the most important, is that between Religion and Science. It commenced when recognition of the commonest conformities in surrounding things, set a limit to all-pervading superstitions; it shows itself everywhere throughout the domain of human knowledge; affecting men's interpretations alike of the simplest mechanical accidents and the most complex events in the histories of nations. It has its roots deep down in the diverse habits of thought of different orders of minds. And the conflicting conceptions of Nature and Life which these diverse habits of thought severally generate, influence for good or ill the tone of feeling and the daily conduct.

A battle of opinion like this which has been carried on for ages under the banners of Religion and Science, has generated an animosity fatal to a just estimate of either party by the other. Happily the times display an increasing catholicity of feeling, which we shall do well to carry as far as our natures permit. In proportion as we love truth more and victory less, we shall be anxious to know what it is which leads our opponents to think as they do. We shall begin to suspect that the pertinacity of belief exhibited by them must result from a perception of something we have not perceived. And we shall aim to supplement the portion of truth we have found with the portion found by them. Making a rational estimate of human authority, we shall avoid alike the extremes of undue submission and undue rebellion—shall not regard some

men's judgments as wholly good and others as wholly bad; but shall, contrariwise, lean to the more defensible position that none are completely right and none are completely wrong.

The Real Conflicts

JULIAN S. HUXLEY

There are many well-intentioned people today who will tell you that the conflict between science and religion is over. It is not so. What has been rather loosely called the conflict between science and religion is just reaching its acute phase. Up to the present the fighting has been an affair of outposts; the incidents of Galileo and Darwin were but skirmishes. The real conflict is to come: it concerns the very conception of Deity.

I say that the phrase "the conflict between science and religion" is a loose phrase. It is a loose phrase because the conflict is not really between science and religion at all, but between a certain kind of religion and some particular conclusions of science.

There are in reality several conflicts. One is between a certain religious tradition on the one hand, a tradition so encrusted with sanctity by long association that it is mistaken for something essential to religion, and, on the other, a number of actual facts discovered by scientific investigators. Another conflict is that between the passion for getting at the truth that characterizes some great minds, including the highest type of scientific mind, and the tendency to assert and believe what we desire which is found in so many human beings and so many religious beliefs. Still a third conflict is between the over-cautious or limited mind, scientific or other, and a certain too matter-of-fact kind of science, which persists in denying the truth or the value of what they cannot see or understand, and that side of rich human nature which is capable of a deep and vital religious experience.

At the present moment, organized religion happens to be arrayed, on the whole, against organized science. But the real conflicts are between bad, limited, or distorted religion and pure and high religion; and between limited and grudging science and science full and unafraid.

Science and Religion

CHARLES B. WAITE

Science and Religion are radically different in their character, in their province and in their objects. Not until the term "religion" acquires a signification far different from the meaning which has been attached to it in the past, will there be a reconciliation between Science and Religion.

Religion and Politics

MARK TWAIN

The Congregationalists were not Baptists, and the Baptists Roman Catholics, and the Roman Catholics Buddhists, and the Buddhists Quakers, and the Quakers Episcopalians, and the Episcopalians Millerites, and the Millerites Hindoos, and the Hindoos Atheists, and the Atheists Spiritualists, and the Spiritualists Agnostics, and the Agnostics Methodists, and the Methodists Confucians, and the Confucians Unitarians, and the Unitarians Mohammedans, and the Mohammedans Salvation Warriors, and the Salvation Warriors Zoroastrians, and the Zoroastrians Christian Scientists, and the Christian Scientists Mormons—and so on, because that list of sects is not a record of *studies*, searchings, seekings after light; it mainly (and sarcastically) indicates what *association* can do. If you know a man's nationality you can come within a split hair of guessing the complexion of his religion; English—Protestant; American—ditto; Spaniard, Frenchman, Irishman, Italian, South American, Austrian—Roman Catholic; Russian—Greek Catholic; Turk—Mohammedan; and so on. And

when you know the man's religious complexion, you know what sort of religious books he reads when he wants some more light, and what sort of books he avoids, lest by accident he get more light than he wants. In America if you know which party-collar a voter wears, you know what his associations are, and how he came by his politics, and which breed he diligently avoids, and which breed of mass-meetings he attends in order to broaden his political knowledge, and which breed of mass-meetings he doesn't attend, except to refute its doctrines with brickbats.

Religion and Natural Knowledge

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

The germ of Religion, arising, like all other kinds of knowledge, out of the action and interaction of man's mind, with that which is not man's mind, has taken the intellectual coverings of Fetishism or Polytheism; of Theism or Atheism; of Superstition or Rationalism. With these, and their relative merits and demerits I have nothing to do; but this is needful for my purpose to say, that if the religion of the present differs from that of the past, it is because the theology of the present has become more scientific than that of the past; because it has not only renounced idols of wood and idols of stone, but begins to see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of books and traditions and finespun ecclesiastical cobwebs; and of cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions, by worship "for the most part of the silent sort" at the altar of the Unknown and the Unknowable. . . .

What are among the moral convictions most fondly held by barbarous and semi-barbarous people? They are the convictions that authority is the soundest basis of belief; that merit attaches to a readiness to believe; that the doubting disposition is a bad one, and scepticism a sin; that when good authority has pronounced what is to be believed, and faith has accepted it, reason has no further duty. There are many

excellent persons who yet hold by these principles, and it is not my present business or intention, to discuss their views. All I wish to bring clearly before your minds is the unquestionable fact that the improvement of natural knowledge is effected by methods which directly give the lie to all these convictions, and assume the exact reverse of each to be true.

The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority, as such. For him, scepticism is the highest of duties; blind faith the one unpardonable sin. And it cannot be otherwise, for every great advance in natural knowledge has involved the absolute rejection of authority, the cherishing of the keenest scepticism, the annihilation of the spirit of blind faith; and the most ardent votary of science holds his firmest conviction, not because the men he most venerates holds them; not because their verity is testified by portents and wonders; but because his experience teaches him that whenever he chooses to bring these convictions into contact with their primary source, nature—whenever he thinks fit to test them by appealing to experiment and to observation—nature will confirm them. The man of science has learned to believe in justification, not by faith, but by verification.

Sensationalism and Tradition

JOHN COWPER POWYS

There are among us a vast number of sensitive-minded people whose unbelief has reached such a level of disillusionment that all these modern attempts to bolster up religion by appeals to our love of sensation leave them not only cold, but sickened and disgusted.

One is thankful enough that sufficient simple-minded people still exist to keep the old traditions alive; but what one wants to feel, when one enters these temples of our fathers, is the solemn pathos of the passing of the ages, "the still sad music of humanity"; not any new-fangled ethical chatter. . . .

Surely the hour has come when the disillusioned of our human family, standing on this promontory between sea and sky, have become sceptical enough to regard with instinctive hostility any attempt to analyze too curiously the chemical constituents of their ancient home.

For what is left for us in this collapse of all credible supernaturalism? To grow just flippantly indifferent to the passing of old observances? To ignore completely the deep-rooted milestones whereby our ancestors gave dignity and measure to their days?

I cannot think so.

In the disappearance of all rational justification for the dogmas of the faith, it still remains that we can appreciate their daring poetry; it still remains that we can use them—our intellects undrugged by their seduction—as natural and seemly ways of heightening the inevitable succession of human events upon the earth.

The moment we come to feel, with what Newman used to call our “illative sense,” that the balance of probabilities is against our arriving at any sort of certitude in these high matters, *that* moment we are liberated from the necessity of either explaining away these dogmas or of rendering them more rational.

A rational faith is a contradiction in terms. The essence of any faith is that it should be irrational. If it is *not* irrational it leaves a certain subterranean craving in us unsatisfied.

Christianity and Buddhism

A. N. WHITEHEAD

The decay of Christianity and Buddhism, as determinative influences in modern thought, is partly due to the fact that each religion has unduly sheltered itself from the other. The self-sufficient pedantry of learning and the confidence of ignorant zealots have combined to shut up each religion in its own forms of thought. Instead of looking to each other for

deeper meanings, they have remained self-satisfied and unfertilized.

Both have suffered from the rise of the third tradition, which is science, because neither of them had retained the requisite flexibility of adaptation. Thus the real, practical problems of religion have never been adequately studied in the only way in which such problems *can* be studied, namely, in the school of experience.

Reverence and Reason

JULIAN S. HUXLEY

But if religion is not essentially belief in a God or Gods and obedience to their command or will, what then is it? It is a way of life, an art like other kinds of living, and an art which must be practiced like other arts if we are to achieve anything good in it.

Religious emotion will always exist, will always demand expression. The ways in which it finds expression may be good or may be bad: or, what seems hardly to have been realized, they may be on the whole good for the worshiper, but bad for the community. Man's scale of desires and values, his spiritual capacities, dictate the direction of his religion, the goal towards which it aspires; the facts of Nature and life dictate the limits within which it may move, the trellis on whose framework those desires and emotions must grow if they are to receive the beams of truth's sun, if they aspire above creeping on the ground. It is our duty to know those outer facts truly and completely, to be willing to face all truth and not to try to reject what does not tally with our desires: and it is our duty to realize our own capacities, to know what desires are to be put in command, what desires are to be harnessed to subordinate toil, to place our whole tumultuous life of feeling and will under the joint guidance of reverence and reason.

In so far as we do this, we prevent the man of devout re-

ligious feeling from being subordinated to a system which may organize the spirit of religion in opposition to discovery or necessary change, or may discharge its power in cruelty or persecution; and we help religion to help the progress of civilization. But in so far as we neglect this, we are making man a house divided against itself, and allowing the strong tides of religious feeling to run to waste or to break in and devastate the fruit of man's labor. And the choice is in our own hands.

Religion and Human Nature

JOHN TYNDALL

Religion lives not by the force and aid of dogma, but because it is ingrained in the nature of man. To draw a metaphor from metallurgy, the moulds have been broken and reconstructed over and over again, but the molten ore abides in the ladle of humanity. An influence so deep and permanent is not likely soon to disappear; but of the future form of religion little can be predicted. Its main concern may possibly be to purify, elevate, and brighten the life that now is, instead of treating it as the more or less dismal vestibule of a life that is to come.

Religion and Music

SIR JAMES FRAZER

Even in our own day a great religious writer, himself deeply sensitive to the appeal of music, has said that musical notes, with all their power to fire the blood and melt the heart, cannot be mere empty sounds and nothing more; no, they have emerged from some larger sphere, they are outpourings of eternal harmony, the voice of angels, the Magnificat of saints. Indeed the influence of music on the development of religion is a subject that would repay sympathetic study. For we cannot doubt that this, the most intimate and affecting of all the arts, has done much to create as well as to express the religious

emotions, thus modifying more or less deeply the fabric of belief to which at first sight it seems only to minister. The musician has done his part as well as the prophet and the thinker in the making of religion. Every faith has its appropriate music, and the difference between the creeds might almost be expressed in musical notation. The interval, for example, which divides the wild revels of Cybele from the stately ritual of the Catholic Church is measured by the gulf which severs the dominant clash of cymbals and tambourines from the grave harmonies of Palestrina and Handel. A different spirit breathes in the difference of the music.

Religion as Natural

HAVELOCK ELLIS

"How is religion still possible?" This question is posed by so able a thinker as Dr. Merz as the question of paramount importance, and he can find only a paradoxical answer.

It is a question which seems to be taken seriously by many otherwise intelligent persons, who are thereby stranded in the end on all sorts of hidden sandbanks. They do not ask: How is walking still possible? They do not ask: How is hunger still possible? Yet it is really the same kind of question.

It is always marvelous to find how people worry themselves over unnecessary problems, and spin the most fantastic webs of abstruse speculation around even the simplest things. Religion, if it is anything at all, must be a natural organic function, like walking, like eating, better still, like loving. For the closest analogy and, indeed, real relationship, of religion, is with the function of reproduction and the emotions of sex. The functions of eating and walking are more or less necessary to life in their rhythmic recurrences, and it is legitimate in their absence to stimulate them into action. But the function of religion, like that of love, is not necessary to life, nor may it with any certainty be stimulated into activity. Need it? These functions are either working within you or they are

not. If not, then it is clear that your organism is in no need of them at the present moment, and perhaps is not born with the aptitude to experience them. And if so, there are those who will tell you that you represent a superior type of humanity. Therefore, whether if not so, or whether so, why worry?

I do not indeed myself think that the inaptitude for the function of religion—ancient as the religious emotions are—represent a higher stage of development. But I am sure that either the function is there or it is not there, and that no intellectual speculations will take its place or hasten its manifestations.

Religion, like love, develops and harmonizes our rarest and most extravagant emotions. It exalts us above the commonplace routine of our daily life, and it makes us supreme over the world. But, like love also, it is a little ridiculous to those who are unable to experience it. And since they can survive quite well without experiencing it, let them be thankful, as we also are thankful.

To Religion From Theology

JULIAN S. HUXLEY

Let us get away from theology, and back to religion. My personal feeling is strong that the next step to take is to try to see the problem of religion and religious feeling stripped of all trappings, theological, credal, or ecclesiastical. Only through achieving such vision can we begin to understand clearly the real function of religion in a modern state, and also its equally real limitations. That one step is quite enough to occupy the intellectual and spiritual energies of our generation. The further steps will decide themselves, in their own due time.

Religion has been responsible for a great deal of social as well as individual good. But it has been responsible for an appalling amount of evil. Owing to a universal psychological mechanism, the feelings of sanctity and worship aroused in the religiously minded man make it very difficult for him to

remember such facts or to imagine that even his own religion may be capable of achieving a great deal of harm, or even actually doing so at the moment.

Any emotion, fear or hate as well as love or self-sacrifice, can be exalted into first place by religious feeling: any practice of magic, superstition, or hypocrisy, equally with those of beautiful and solemn ritual, self-examination, or aspiring prayer, can be encouraged by it.

Let us not forget that St. Thomas Aquinas, in whom more than in any other single man was concentrated the spirit of the Christian theology of the Middle Ages, could write: "That the saints may enjoy their beatitude more richly, a perfect sight is granted them of the punishment of the damned."

Science and "Sin"

HARRY ELMER BARNES

The theologian, in the modern scheme of things, has no more propriety in morals and ethics than in engineering or physical chemistry. The Bible, as such, need not be approached with any more reverential awe respecting its injunctions with regard to human conduct than we might bring to it when exploiting it in studying the history of medicine or cosmology. If the Ten Commandments are to be obeyed today, it can only be because their precepts and advice may be proved to square with the best natural and social science of the present time. They must be subjected to the same objective scientific scrutiny as that to which we would submit the cosmology of Genesis or the medical views in Leviticus.

The new cosmic perspective and Biblical criticism, indeed, rule out of civilized nomenclature one of the basic categories of all religious and metaphysical morality, namely, sin. One may admit the existence of immorality and crime, but scarcely sin, which is by technical definition a wilful and direct affront to God—a violation of the explicitly revealed will of God. Modern science has shown it to be difficult to prove the very

existence of God, and even more of a problem to show any direct solicitude of God for our petty and ephemeral planet. Biblical criticism, the history of religions and cultural history have revealed the fact that we can in no direct and literal sense look upon the Bible or any other existing holy book as embodying the revealed will of God. Consequently, if we do not and cannot know the nature of the will of God in regard to human behavior, we cannot very well know when we are violating it. In other words, sin is scientifically indefinable and unknowable. Hence, sin goes into the limbo of ancient superstitions such as witchcraft and sacrifice. It will, of course, be conceded that many acts hitherto branded as sinful may be socially harmful, but such action should be scientifically rechristened as immoral or criminal, and we should as rapidly as possible dispense with such an anachronistic term as "sin" even in popular phraseology. In this way will sin "vanish from the world." The psychoanalysts have already shown that the "sense of sin" is but a psychophysical attribute of adolescent mental development.

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VIII
MORES AND MORALS

VIII

MORES AND MORALS

Dogma, Religion, and Science

ELLWOOD HENDRICK

We may, of our own free will, select impressions or ideas, and, by making ideals of them drive them into consciousness so that they shall serve as both stimuli and inhibitions to our actions. We call this the ordering of life. In the process we are open to impressions, although we determine within ourselves, subject, of course, to our limitations, which of these impressions we shall select. Now, the function of providing ideals and offering them and teaching them, so that we may order our lives aright and thus approach the truth, seems to me the great province of religion. We may practise religion either with or without dogma. The man of faith may have great religious value, and again he may have no religious value at all. There are, for example, religious Christians, and, on the other hand, Christians of great piety who are not religious. The anchorite who whips and distresses himself to save his own soul is not practising religion; he is exercising his faith. The Samaritan who picks up the fallen wanderer by the wayside and by his act also enlarges the vision of the man he helps, so that the stimulus of sympathy enters into him, is doing a religious act. Faith may be a stimulus to religious acts, and we know that it often is; but since it often is not, we may as well address ourselves to that aspect of religion which we can understand, regarding it as having to do with the ordering of our lives, and not as related to dogma or faith save as dogma or faith may induce it. Then we find that everybody has the religious equipment, just as he has a sympathetic equipment, although both may be

greatly atrophied. With this in mind, although we cannot fail to recognize a conflict between science and the Bible and science and dogma, there is no conflict between science and religion.

Chance Dogmas and Reasoned Truth

CHRISTOPHER BANNISTER

Why, "belonging" to a given sect or church or faith and being in consequence committed to obedient belief in all its rites and dogmas, do we find ourselves thus committed? In the enormous majority of such cases throughout the world the answer to this simple question, honestly sought and stated, will be a great, perhaps the greatest, incentive to tolerance of the beliefs and disbeliefs of others.

For, surely, we are thus and so for no other or better reason than that we were born in this or that environment and of these or those parents. Quite strictly speaking, Confucians in China, Buddhists in the Orient, Moslems in Islam, and Christians in Christendom are what they are through mere accident of birth, each bound to regard it as a "happy" accident.

The African cannibal is no more certainly cannibalistic for being born in central Africa than the Baptist is a believer in total immersion for being born of members of a Baptist church in Texas or Kansas. The Lamaist is quite as surely a practitioner of Lamaist rites for being born in Thibet as the Roman Catholic is a believer in the supremacy of the Pope for being born in southern Ireland. Nor in any such case is one more certainly convinced of the truth of the doctrines in which he was reared than the others, or more disposed to accept as proof or reject as disproof all ideas that confirm or deny his faith.

Nor is this any the less true in the case of John Stuart Mill who was, first of all, a man of open mind, and this because his father so educated him. But with a difference.

James Mill, the father, said and practised that "one of the grand objects of education should be to generate a constant and anxious concern about evidence," as against inculcating any dogma or creed whatever. In consequence, as has been observed, his son "was deliberately educated as an apostle, but it was as an apostle of reasoned truth in human affairs, not as an apostle of any system of dogmatic tenets."

From the point of view of the cannibal, the Brahmin, the Buddhist, the Moslem, the Christian, John Stuart Mill was undeniably an "infidel," even as each of those who would thus accuse is an "infidel" to each and all of the others. And here again a difference is to be noted. Neither in the writings nor reported sayings of James Mill, the father, or of John Stuart Mill, the son, is the believer in any religious rite, from cannibalism to circumcision, from temple prostitution to the Sacrifice of the Mass, charged with infidelity or with being an infidel.

Is not this refusal so to make accusations due to a sense of "reasoned truth in human affairs"?

Matter Means Conditions

JOHN DEWEY

The old, old dread and dislike of matter as something opposed to mind and threatening it, is to be kept within the narrowest bounds of recognition; something to be denied so far as possible lest it encroach upon ideal purposes and finally exclude them from the real world, as absurd practically as it was impotent intellectually. Judged from the only scientific standpoint, what it does and how it functions, matter means conditions. To respect matter means to respect the conditions of achievement; conditions which hinder and obstruct and which have to be changed, conditions which help and further and which can be used to modify obstructions and attain ends. Only as men have learned to pay sincere and persistent regard to matter, to the conditions upon which depends nega-

tively and positively the success of all endeavor, have they shown sincere and fruitful respect for ends and purposes. To profess to have an aim and then neglect the means of its execution is self-delusion of the most dangerous sort. Education and morals will begin to find themselves on the same road of advance that, say, chemical industry and medicine have found for themselves when they too learn fully the lesson of whole-hearted and unremitting attention to means and conditions—that is, to what mankind so long despised as material and mechanical. When we take means for ends we indeed fall into moral materialism. But when we take ends without regard to means we degenerate into sentimentalism. In the name of the ideal we fall back upon mere luck and chance and magic or exhortation and preaching; or else upon a fanaticism that will force the realization of preconceived ends at any cost.

Confused Morality

HERBERT SPENCER

If, as the sequence of a malady contracted in pursuit of illegitimate gratification, an attack of iritis injures vision, the mischief is to be counted among those entailed by immoral conduct; but if, regardless of protesting sensations, the eyes are used in study too soon after ophthalmia, and there follows blindness for years or for life, entailing not only personal unhappiness but a burden on others, moralists are silent. The broken leg which a drunkard's accident causes, counts among those miseries brought on self and family by intemperance, which form the ground for reprobating it; but if anxiety to fulfil duties prompts the continued use of a sprained knee spite of the pain, and brings on a chronic lameness involving lack of exercise, consequent ill-health, inefficiency, anxiety, and unhappiness, it is supposed that ethics has no verdict to give in the matter. A student who is plucked because he has spent in amusement the time and money that

should have gone in study, is blamed for thus making parents unhappy and preparing for himself a miserable future; but another who, thinking exclusively of claims on him, reads night after night with hot or aching head, and, breaking down, cannot take his degree, but returns home shattered in health and unable to support himself, is named with pity only, as not subject to any moral judgment; or rather, the moral judgment passed is wholly favorable.

Conscience

CHRISTOPHER BANNISTER

Whence comes conscience? From God, say most. But, throughout history, from what God? And have there not been Devil worshipers?

For myself, I was early taught by precept not to steal. Experimenting, over-tempted, at the age when certain thefts are mere adventures, stealing from another boy brought such chastisement as made it seem, in that instance, wrong indeed. I took some of his marmalade, conscience rebuked me and I confessed, and he gave me a sound trouncing. About that time, thinking to give my mother that which I knew she wanted, I took the desired object where I found it and presented it to her, rather proudly. Again I was soundly trounced. Thereupon arose in me a childish balancing of what conscience told me was wrong and what experience told me was inexpedient.

For I had confessed to my fellow, thinking only of forgiveness for having repented me of a sin; and was trounced. And my gift to my mother, for which I expected praise, received only blame and chastisement. So far as happiness was concerned, conscience seemed to be a doubtful guide, while there was no doubt whatever of the unhappiness following confession and admission. Conscience, then, taught me not to steal; experience taught me not to get found out. Stealing, as such, remained something of an open question. For the steal-

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ing of apples, of watermelons, however certain to meet with punishment when caught at it, was to me and my companions harmless adventure otherwise, spiced with the flavor of forbidden fruit.

Soon came the reading of *Oliver Twist* and my acquaintance with old Fagin and his school of boys in training as pickpockets. How different from my Church school! Theft, most unusual here and certain of reprobation from masters and pupils alike with the exceptions noted, was so far from reprobation there that Fagin had only praise for the boy who brought back his stealings, only blame for the lad who returned to him with his hands unsoiled by sin. What manner of lesson was to be taught by the sort of conscience whipped or praised into his boys, the very reverse of the sort of conscience whipped or praised into me and my school-mates? If God gave me my conscience, what gave Fagin's boys theirs? Surely, the Devil. Yet conscience they had, brought into being by the same means that had given birth to mine. Obviously, then, conscience, that inner monitor, could derive from the Devil as it derives from God.

Came wider reading, wider experience. From the one was gleaned the knowledge that, amongst our human changes, nothing now held wrong had not at some time in the past and by some men in the present, been held right by men with a conscience to guide them; that nothing now held right had not been similarly held wrong in all good conscience. From the other came knowledge that law, that curious web which holds the little fly and lets the doughty beetle escape, often allows bulging dishonesty to bear away the plunder from its crimes, while public opinion, ever the worshiper of the power given by great wealth, rewards the fortunate plunderer with its esteem and lingers upon his lips hoping to gain the secret of his success.

In such operations neither God nor the Devil appears to

play any discernibly characteristic part. Nor does either seem to be involved in those breaches of social convention, of dress, speech, manners, for which remorse, ever the sheriff of conscience, often exacts a heavier penalty than for actual sins, even for crimes. Rather does conscience seem to rest, wholly and solely, in origin and application, upon the practice, always more authoritative than the theory, of human society at large in any given place and time. And most honest folk—and most are honest—appear to be untempted. We are tender to those who, greatly tempted, fall.

Conscience as Supernatural

HERBERT SPENCER

To affirm that we know some things to be right, and other things to be wrong, by virtue of a supernaturally-given conscience; and thus tacitly to affirm that we do not otherwise know right from wrong; is tacitly to deny any natural relations between acts and results. For if there exist any such relations, then we may ascertain by induction, or deduction, or both, what these are. And if it be admitted that because of such natural relations, happiness is produced by this kind of conduct, which is therefore to be approved, while misery is produced by that kind of conduct, which is therefore to be condemned; then it is admitted that the rightness or wrongness of actions are determined and must finally be determined, by the goodness or badness of the effects that flow from them; which is contrary to the hypothesis.

Conscience and the Race

WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD

The voice of conscience is the voice of our Father Man who is within us; the accumulated instinct of the race is poured into each one of us, and overflows us, as if the ocean were poured into a cup. Our evidence for this explanation is that the cause

assigned is a *vera causa*, it undoubtedly exists; there is no *perhaps* about that. And those who have tried tell us that it is sufficient: the explanation, like the fact, "covers the whole voluntary field." The lightest and the gravest action may be consciously done in and for Man. And the sympathetic aspect of nature is explained to us in the same way. In so far as our conception of nature is akin to our minds that conceive it, Man made it; and Man made us, with the necessity to conceive it that way.

Moral Consciousness

E. WESTERMARCK

Religion has no doubt already at the savage stage begun to influence moral ideas even in points which have no bearing upon the personal interests of Gods; but this influence is known to have been not nearly so great as it has often been represented, and it seems to me to be a fact not to be doubted that the moral consciousness has originated in emotions entirely different from that feeling of uncanniness and mystery which first led to the belief in supernatural beings.

Morality as Art—And Reformers

HAVELOCK ELLIS

There is a certain indefiniteness about the conception of morality as an artistic impulse, to be judged by an esthetic criterion, which is profoundly repugnant to at least two classes of minds fully entitled to make their antipathy felt.

In the first place, it makes no appeal to the abstract reasoner, indifferent to the manifoldly concrete problems of living. For the man whose brain is hypertrophied and his practical life shriveled to an insignificant routine—the man of whom Kant is the supreme type—it is always a temptation to rationalize morality. Such a pure intellectualist, overlooking the fact that human beings are not mathematical

figures, may even desire to transform ethics into a species of geometry. That we may see in Spinoza, a nobler and more inspiring figure, no doubt, but of the same temperament as Kant. The impulses and desires of ordinary men and women are manifold, inconstant, often conflicting, and sometimes overwhelming. "Morality is a fact of sensibility," remarks Jules de Gaultier; "it has no need to have recourse to reason for its affirmations." But to men of the intellectualist type this consideration is almost negligible; all the passions and affections of humanity seem to them meek as sheep which they may shepherd, and pen within the flimsiest hurdles. William Blake, who could cut down to that central core of the world where all things are fused together, knew better when he said that the only golden rule of life is the "great and golden rule of art." James Hinton was forever expatiating on the close resemblance between the methods of art, as shown especially in painting, and the methods of moral action. Thoreau, who also belonged to this tribe, declared, in the same spirit as Blake, that there is no golden rule in morals, for rules are only current silver; "it is golden not to have any rule at all."

There is another quite different type of person who shares this antipathy to the indefiniteness of esthetic morality: the ambitious social reformer. The man of this class is usually by no means devoid of strong passions; but for the most part he possesses no great intellectual caliber and so is unable to estimate the force and complexity of human impulses. The moral reformer, eager to introduce the millennium here and now by the aid of the newest mechanical devices, is righteously indignant with anything so vague as an esthetic morality. He must have definite rules and regulations, clear-cut laws and by-laws, with an arbitrary list of penalties attached, to be duly inflicted in this world or the next. The

popular conception of Moses, descending from the sacred mount with a brand-new table of commandments, which he declares to have been delivered to him by God, though he is ready to smash them to pieces on the slightest provocation, furnishes a delightful image of the typical moral reformer of every age. It is, however, only in savage and barbarous stages of society, or among the uncultivated classes of civilization, that the men of this type can find their faithful followers.

Morality and Intelligence

JOHN DEWEY

The blunt assertion that every moral situation is a unique situation having its own irreplaceable good may seem not merely blunt but preposterous. For the established tradition teaches that it is precisely the irregularity of special cases which makes necessary the guidance of conduct by universals, and that the essence of the virtuous disposition is willingness to subordinate every particular case to adjudication by a fixed principle. It would then follow that submission of a generic end and law to determination by the concrete situation entails complete confusion and unrestrained licentiousness. Let us, however, follow the pragmatic rule, and in order to discover the meaning of the idea ask for its consequences. Then it surprisingly turns out that the primary significance of the unique and morally ultimate character of the concrete situation is to transfer the weight and burden of morality to intelligence. It does not destroy responsibility; it only locates it. A moral situation is one in which judgment and choice are required antecedently to overt action. The practical meaning of the situation—that is to say the action needed to satisfy it—is not self-evident. It has to be searched for. There are conflicting desires and alternative apparent goods. What is needed is to find the right course of action, the right good.

Hence, inquiry is exacted; observation of the detailed make-up of the situation; analysis into its diverse factors; clarification of what is obscure; discounting of the more insistent and vivid traits; tracing the consequences of the various modes of action that suggest themselves; regarding the decision reached as hypothetical and tentative until the anticipated or supposed consequences which led to its adoption have been squared with actual consequences. This inquiry is intelligence. Our moral failures go back to some weakness of disposition, some absence of sympathy, some one-sided bias that makes us perform the judgment of the concrete case carelessly or perversely. Wide sympathy, keen sensitiveness, persistence in the face of the disagreeable, balance of interests enabling us to undertake the work of analysis intelligently are the distinctively moral traits—the virtues or moral excellences.

Intellectual Integrity

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The intellectual life may be kept clean and healthful, if man will live the life of nature, and not import into his mind difficulties which are none of his. No man need be perplexed in his speculations. Let him do and say what strictly belongs to him, and, though very ignorant of books, his nature shall not yield him any intellectual obstructions and doubts. Our young people are diseased with the theological problems of original sin, origin of evil, predestination, and the like. These never presented a practical difficulty to any man,—never darkened across any man's road, who did not go out of his way to seek them. These are the soul's mumps and measles and whooping-coughs; and those who have not caught them cannot describe their health or prescribe the cure. A simple mind will not know these enemies. It is quite another

thing that he should be able to give account of his faith, and expound to another theory of his self-union and freedom. This requires rare gifts. Yet without this self-knowledge, there may be a sylvan strength and integrity in that which he is. "A few strong instincts and a few plain rules" suffice us.

Morals and Inquiry

JOHN DEWEY

Moral goods and ends exist only when something has to be done. The fact that something has to be done proves that there are deficiencies, evils in the existent situation. This ill is just the specific ill that it is. It never is an exact duplicate of anything else. Consequently the good of the situation has to be discovered, projected, and attained on the basis of the exact defect and trouble to be rectified. It cannot intelligently be injected into the situation from without. Yet it is the part of wisdom to compare different cases, to gather together the ills from which humanity suffers, and to generalize the corresponding goods into classes. Health, wealth, industry, temperance, amiability, courtesy, learning, esthetic capacity, initiative, courage, patience, enterprise, thoroughness, and a multitude of other generalized ends are acknowledged as goods. But the *value* of this systematization is intellectual or analytic. Classifications *suggest* possible traits to be on the lookout for in studying a particular case; they suggest methods of action to be tried in removing the inferred causes of ill. They are tools of insight; their value is in promoting an individualized response in the individual situation.

Morals is not a catalogue of acts nor a set of rules to be applied like drugstore prescriptions or cook-book recipes. The need in morals is for specific methods of inquiry to locate difficulties and evils; methods of contrivance to form plans to be used as working hypotheses in dealing with them. And the

pragmatic import of the logic of individualized situations, each having its own irreplaceable good and principle, is to transfer the attention of theory from preoccupations with general conceptions to the problem of developing effective methods of inquiry.

Morality and Astrophysics

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Unquestionably, the most disconcerting of all the phases of modern scientific advance to those who adhere to the older outlook has been contemporary astrophysics. This is infinitely more disruptive of the older cosmology, theology, and morality than evolutionary biology, which can, by heroic exegesis, be made to conform to a geocentric point of view.

In his recent and interesting book, "Science: The False Messiah," Mr. Clarence Ayres holds out that modern astrophysical discoveries have little bearing upon the practical issues of every-day life. He contends, for example, that "morality is never likely to take cognizance of the magnitude of Betelgeuse." Such a view might seem plausible to an eminent Rotarian or Fundamentalist, but it is a strange position to be defended by a liberally inclined person of philosophic tendencies. It would be difficult to conceive of anything more relevant than the matter of Betelgeuse in relation to our contemporary moral conceptions. If we had not discovered another solitary scientific fact in the last century, the implications of the size and distance of Betelgeuse would be adequate to blow sky-high the foundations of the whole set of moral conceptions of Judaism and Christianity. They were based upon a geocentric theology, and their plausibility disappears the moment the geocentric basis is removed. Betelgeuse not only wipes out the notion of a geocentric universe and God but likewise that of a heliocentric cosmos. All the assumptions and premises underlying orthodox Judaism and funda-

mentalist Christianity evaporate the moment one grasps thoroughly what is implied in the recent discoveries concerning Betelgeuse or Antares. Once these theological props for conventional morality disappear, we shall face a notable reconstruction of ethics in harmony with scientific facts. It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Ayres could not well have been more unfortunate in the striking figure which he chose to illustrate the irrelevance of modern science for human conduct.

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IX
MEN AND WOMEN

IX

MEN AND WOMEN

Evolution of Sex

HAVELOCK ELLIS

From an early period in human history, a secondary function of sexual intercourse had been slowly growing up to become one of the great objects of marriage. Among animals, it may be said, and even sometimes in man, the sexual impulse, when once aroused, makes but a short and swift circuit through the brain to reach its consummation. But as the brain and its faculties develop, powerfully aided indeed by the very difficulties of the sexual life, the impulse for sexual union has to traverse ever longer, slower, more painful paths, before it reaches—and sometimes it never reaches—its ultimate object. This means that sex gradually becomes intertwined with all the highest and subtlest human emotions and activities, with the refinements of social intercourse, with high adventure in every sphere, with art, with religion. The primitive animal instinct, having the sole end of procreation, becomes on its way to that end the inspiring stimulus to all those psychic energies which in civilization we count most precious. This function is thus, we see, a by-product. But, as we know, even in our human factories, the by-product is sometimes more valuable than the product. This is so as regards the functional products of human evolution. The hand was produced out of the human forelimb with the primary end of grasping the things we materially need, but as a by-product the hand has developed the function of making and playing the piano and the violin, and that secondary functional by-product of the hand we account, even as measured by the rough test of money, more precious, however less materially necessary, than

its primary function. It is, however, only in rare and gifted natures that transformed sexual energy becomes of supreme value for its own sake without ever attaining the normal physical outlet. For the most part the by-product accompanies the product, throughout, thus adding a secondary, yet peculiarly sacred and specially human, object of marriage to its primary animal object. This may be termed the spiritual object of marriage.

Humanizing Marriage

BERTRAND RUSSELL

The only human relations that have value are those that are rooted in mutual freedom, where there is no domination and no slavery, no tie except affection, no economic or conventional necessity to preserve the external show when the inner life is dead. One of the most horrible things about commercialism is the way in which it poisons the relations of men and women. The evils of prostitution are generally recognized, but great as these are, the effect of economic conditions on marriage seems to me even worse. There is not infrequently, in marriage, a suggestion of purchase, of acquiring a woman on condition of keeping her in a certain standard of material comfort. Often and often, a marriage hardly differs from prostitution except by being harder to escape from. The whole basis of these evils is economic. Economic causes make marriage a matter of bargain and contract, in which affection is quite secondary, and its absence constitutes no recognized reason for liberation. Marriage should be a free, spontaneous meeting of mutual instinct, filled with happiness not unmixed with a feeling akin to awe: it should involve that degree of respect of each for the other that makes even the most trifling interference with liberty an utter impossibility, and a common life enforced by one against the will of the other an unthinkable thing of deep horror. It is not so that marriage is conceived by lawyers who make settlements, or by priests who give the

name of "sacrament" to an institution which pretends to find something sanctifiable in the brutal lusts or drunken cruelties of a legal husband. It is not in a spirit of freedom that marriage is conceived by most men and women at present: the law makes it an opportunity for indulgence of the desire to interfere, where each submits to some loss of his or her own liberty, for the pleasure of curtailing the liberty of the other. And the atmosphere of private property makes it more difficult than it otherwise would be for any better ideal to take root.

It is not so that human relations will be conceived when the evil heritage of economic slavery has ceased to mould our instincts. Husbands and wives, parents and children, will be only held together by affection: where that has died, it will be recognized that nothing worth preserving is left. Because affection will be free, men and women will not find in private life an outlet and stimulus to the love of domineering, but all that is creative in their love will have the freer scope. Reverence for whatever makes the soul in those who are loved will be less rare than it is now: Nowadays, many men love their wives in the way in which they love mutton, as something to devour and destroy. But in the love that goes with reverence there is a joy of quite another order than any to be found by mastery, a joy which satisfies the spirit and not only the instincts; and satisfaction of instinct and spirit at once is necessary to a happy life, or indeed to any existence that is to bring out the best impulses of which a man or woman is capable.

Sex and Taboo

JULIAN S. HUXLEY

In my childhood, as would seem to be the case in the childhood of man in general, morals, though often a difficult enough problem in all conscience, did not on the whole become early connected up with any religious belief or feeling. The only exception, and that a partial one, concerned those

topics which I may refer to as tabooed. Certain subjects and actions were met by our elders and betters, not with the simple fiat of Authority, but by an atmosphere in which Authority took shelter behind Mystery, or was itself obviously shocked. Childhood is very quick to detect such differences of atmosphere, and it seems probable that any subject whatsoever could have this mysterious horror woven around it as it developed in a child's mind. We escaped the fear of Hell and the wrath of God being invoked in relation to the ordinary delinquencies of boyhood; we escaped, in another sphere, the terrors of ghosts and all the rest of the fears generated by superstition. But sex, and in a lesser degree swearing, both came to have taboo-feeling attached to them. Since I certainly, and I think all the rest of the family, were very shy on intimate matters, the mere feeling that a subject was sacred, whether positively like the idea of God, or with what one may call the negative sacredness of taboo, was enough to keep it in any ordinary circumstances from being mentioned, far less discussed. I imagine that this sort of "sacred horror" is a very common cause of undue reticence and undue repression in a very large number of human beings. It certainly was so in my own case, and, not I think by any particular incident, but by this general atmosphere, the small beginnings of another possible "complex" were established. The main psychological failing from which I did suffer was a self-distrust and shyness which was often agonizing: this deserves mention because so far as I can see some such feeling is frequently a contributory cause of the more specifically religious "sense of sin" and spiritual incompleteness and unworthiness which is so frequent an accompaniment of adolescence. In my own case, it amalgamated itself with the other complexes which were forming within me to make a considerable and serious bit of mental organization which was undergoing repression.

Sex and Sin

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Of man's impulses, the one which played the greatest part in medieval thoughts of sin and in the monastic ordering of life was the sexual. The presuppositions of the Middle Ages in the matter of the relations of men and women have been carried over to our own day. As compared with many of the ideas which we have inherited from the past, they are of comparatively recent origin. The Greeks and Romans were, on the whole, primitive and uncritical in their view of sex. The philosophers do not seem to have speculated on sex, although there was evidently some talk in Athens of woman's rights. The movement is satirized by Aristophanes, and later Plato showed a willingness in *The Republic* to impeach the current notions of the family and women's position in general.

But there are few traces of our ideas of sexual "purity" in the classical writers. To the Stoic philosopher, and to other thoughtful elderly people, sexual indulgence was deemed a low order of pleasure and one best carefully controlled in the interests of peace of mind. But with the coming of Christianity an essentially new attitude developed, which is still, consciously or unconsciously, that of most people today.

St. Augustine, who had led a free life as a teacher of rhetoric in Carthage and Rome, came in his later years to believe, as he struggled to overcome his youthful temptations, that sexual desire was the most devilish of man's enemies and the chief sign of his degradation. He could imagine no such unruly urgency in man's perfect estate, when Adam and Eve still dwelt in Paradise. But with man's fall sexual desire appeared as the sign and seal of human debasement. . . .

The result of Augustine's theories and of the efforts to frustrate one of man's most vehement impulses was to give sex a conscious importance it had never possessed before. The devil was thrust out of the door only to come in at all the windows. In due time the Protestant sects abolished monasteries, and the

Catholic countries later followed their example. The Protestant clergy were permitted to marry, and the old asceticism has visibly declined. But it has done much to determine our whole attitude toward sex, and there is no class of questions still so difficult to discuss with full honesty or to deal with critically and with an open mind as those relating to the intimate relations of men and women.

No one familiar with medieval literature will, however, be inclined to accuse its authors of prudishness. Nevertheless, modern prudishness, as it prevails especially in England and the United States—our squeamish reluctance to recognize and deal frankly with the facts and problems of sex—is clearly an outgrowth of the medieval attitude which looked on sexual impulse as of evil origin and a sign of man's degradation. Modern psychologists have shown that prudishness is not always an indication of exceptional purity, but rather the reverse. It is often a disguise thrown over repressed sexual interest and sexual preoccupations. It appears to be decreasing among the better educated of the younger generation. The study of biology, and especially of embryology, is an easy and simple way of disintegrating the "impurity complex." "Purity" in the sense of ignorance and suppressed curiosity is a highly dangerous state of mind. And such purity in alliance with prudery and defensive hypocrisy makes any honest discussion or essential readjustment of our institutions and habits extremely difficult.

Quenching the Unquenchable

HAVELOCK ELLIS

It is this universality of sexual emotion, blending in its own mighty stream, as is now realized, many other currents of emotion, even the parental and the filial, and traceable even in childhood,—the wide efflorescence of an energy constantly generated by a vital internal mechanism,—which renders vain all attempts either to suppress or to ignore the problems of

sex, however immensely urgent we might foolishly imagine such attempts to be. Even the history of the early Christian ascetics in Egypt, as recorded in the contemporary *Paradise* of Palladius, illustrates the futility of seeking to quench the unquenchable, the flame of fire which is life itself. These "athletes of the Lord" were under the best possible conditions for the conquest of lust; they had been driven into the solitude of the desert by a genuine deeply-felt impulse, they could regulate their lives as they would, and they possessed an almost inconceivable energy of resolution. They were prepared to live on herbs, even to eat grass, and to undertake any labor of self-denial. They were so scrupulous that we hear of a holy man who would even efface a woman's footprints in the sand lest a brother might thereby be led into thoughts of evil. Yet they were perpetually tempted to seductive visions and desires, even after a monastic life of forty years, and the women seem not less liable to yield to temptation than the men. . . .

The old notion that any strict attempt to adhere to sexual abstinence is beset by terrible risks, insanity and so forth, has no foundation, at all events where we are concerned with reasonably sound and healthy people. But it is a very serious error to suppose that the effort to achieve complete and prolonged sexual abstinence is not without any bad results at all, physical or psychic, either in men or women who are normal and healthy. This is now generally recognized everywhere, except in the English-speaking countries, where the supposed interests of a prudish morality often lead to a refusal to look facts in the face.

The Gospel of Love

ELLWOOD HENDRICK

In the gospel of love and good-fellowship as the means of bringing about the Kingdom of God, it seems possible that we might agree. Of course, some of us are so crabbed and selfish that our idea of love and good-fellowship is to have others

give us whatever is theirs while we give nothing in return. This is a frequent attitude of the man who boasts of wanting nothing but what is right. But even old skinflints may become animated by a new spirit if all the rest are full of loving-kindness. Jesus knew all this, and how earnestly and how tenderly He sought to tell it! It is so simple, so scientific; and as available today as it was two thousand years ago. It is sound psychology—indeed, we can find no fault with it whatever. It requires no abuse of the mind to believe it. On the other hand, of all the doctrines that Paul or his followers have added on: the virgin birth, the prophecies fulfilled and unfulfilled, justification by faith, vicarious atonement, and the many other articles of faith that in our unbelieving hearts we know are not so—these things seem idle dreams, speculations of a day that is past, speedily vanishing into thin air. Without them, we could all go to church and sing Christmas hymns. With them, the number of Christians must of necessity be limited, grouped by denomination, and according to such dogma as they can bring their minds to endure.

X
OUR HUMBLER BRETHREN

X

OUR HUMBLER BRETHREN

Heaven

RUPERT BROOKE

Fish (fly-replete, in depth of June,
Dawdling away their wat'ry noon)
Ponder deep wisdom, dark or clear,
Each secret fishy hope or fear.
Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond;
But is there anything Beyond?
This life cannot be All, they swear,
For how unpleasant, if it were!
One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
Shall come of Water and of Mud;
And, sure, the reverent eye must see
A Purpose in Liquidity.
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,
The future is not Wholly Dry.
Mud unto mud!—Death eddies near—
Not here the appointed End, not here!
But somewhere, beyond Space and Time,
Is wetter water, slimier slime!
And there (they trust) there swimmeth One
Who swam ere rivers were begun,
Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;
And under that Almighty Fin,
The littlest fish may enter in.
Oh! never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
But more than mundane weeds are there,

And mud, celestially fair;
Fat caterpillars drift around,
And Paradisal grubs are found;
Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies.
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish.

Only an Insect

GRANT ALLEN

I

On the crimson cloth
Of my study desk
A lustrous moth
Poised statuesque.
Of a waxen mould
Were its light limbs shaped,
And in scales of gold
Its body was draped:
While its luminous wings
Were netted and veined
With silvery strings,
Or golden grained,
Through whose filmy maze
In tremulous flight
Danced quivering rays
Of the gladsome light.

II

On the desk hard by
A taper burned,
Toward which the eye
Of the insect turned.
In its vague little mind
A faint desire

Rose, undefined,
For the beautiful fire.
Lightly it spread
Each silken van;
Then away it sped
For a moment's span.
And a strange delight
Lured on its course
With resistless might
Towards the central source:
And it followed the spell
Through an eddying maze,
Till it fluttered and fell
In the deadly blaze.

III

Dazzled and stunned
By the scalding pain,
One moment it swooned,
Then rose again;
And again the fire
Drew it on with its charms
To a living pyre
In its awful arms;
And now it lies
On the table here
Before my eyes
Shriveled and sere.

IV

As I sit and muse
On its fiery fate,
What themes abstruse
Might I meditate!
For the pangs that thrilled
Through that martyred frame

As its veins were filled
 With the scorching flame,
A riddle enclose
 That, living or dead,
In rhyme or in prose,
 No seer has read.
“But a moth,” you cry,
 “Is a thing so small!”
Ah yes; but why
 Should it suffer at all?
Why should a sob
 For the vaguest smart
One moment throb
 Through the tiniest heart?
Why in the whole
 Wide universe
Should a single soul
 Feel that primal curse?
Not all the throes
 Of mightiest mind,
Nor the heaviest woes
 Of human kind,
Are of deeper weight
 In the riddle of things
Than that insect’s fate
 With the mangled wings.

V

But if only I
 In my simple song
Could tell you the Why
 Of that one little wrong,
I could tell you more
 Than the deepest page
Of saintliest lore
 Or of wisest sage.

For never as yet
In its wordy strife
Could Philosophy get
At the import of life;
And Theology's saws
Have still to explain
The inscrutable cause
For the being of pain.
So I somehow fear
That in spite of both,
We are baffled here
By this one singed moth.

Similar Cases

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

There was once a little animal
No bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered
Over Tertiary rocks.
They called him Eohippus,
And they called him very small,
And they thought him of no value—
When they thought of him at all;
For the lumpish old Dinoceras
And Coryphodon so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy
In days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus:
"I am going to be a horse!
And on my middle finger-nails
To run my earthly course!
I'm going to have a flowing tail!
I'm going to have a mane!
I'm going to stand fourteen hands high
On the psychozoic plain!"

The Coryphodon was horrified,
The Dinoceras was shocked;
And they chased young Eohippus,
But he skipped away and mocked;
Then they laughed enormous laughter,
And they groaned enormous groans,
And they bade young Eohippus
Go view his father's bones:
Said they: "You always were as small
And mean as now we see,
And that's conclusive evidence
That you're always going to be:
What! Be a great, tall, handsome beast,
With hoofs to gallop on?
Why, you'd have to change your nature!"
Said the Loxolophodon:
They considered him disposed of,
And retired with gait serene;
That was the way they argued
In "the Early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape,
Far smarter than the rest,
And everything that they could do
He always did the best;
So they naturally disliked him,
And they gave him shoulders cool,
And when they had to mention him
They said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious Ape one day:
"I'm going to be a Man!
And stand upright, and hunt, and fight,
And conquer all I can!
I'm going to cut down forest trees,
To make my houses higher!
I'm going to kill the Mastodon!

I'm going to make a fire!"
Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes,
With laughter wild and gay;
They tried to catch that boastful one,
But he always got away;
So they yelled at him in chorus,
Which he minded not a whit;
And they pelted him with cocoanuts,
Which didn't seem to hit;
And then they gave him reasons,
Which they thought of much avail,
To prove how his preposterous
Attempt was sure to fail.

Said the sages: "In the first place,
The thing cannot be done!
And, second, if it *could* be,
It would not be any fun!
And, third, and most conclusive
And admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature!
We should like to see you try!"
They chuckled then triumphantly,
These lean and hairy shapes,
For these things passed as arguments
With the Anthropoidal Apes.

There was once a Neolithic Man,
An enterprising wight,
Who made his chopping implements
Unusually bright;
Unusually clever he,
Unusually brave,
And he drew delightful Mammoths
On the borders of his cave.

To his Neolithic neighbors,
Who were startled and surprised,
Said he: "My friends, in course of time,
We shall be civilized!
We are going to live in cities!
We are going to fight in wars!
We are going to eat three times a day
Without the natural cause!
We are going to turn life upside down
About a thing called gold!
We are going to want the earth, and take
As much as we can hold!
We are going to wear great piles of stuff
Outside our proper skins!
We are going to have Diseases!
And Accomplishments!! And Sins!!!"

Then they all rose up in fury
Against their boastful friend,
For prehistoric patience
Cometh quickly to an end:
Said one: "This is chimerical!
Utopian! Absurd!"
Said another: "What a stupid life!
Too dull, upon my word!"
Cried all: "Before such things can come,
You idiotic child,
You must alter Human Nature!"
And they all sat back and smiled:
Thought they: "An answer to that last
It will be hard to find!"
It was a clinching argument
To the Neolithic Mind!

The Menagerie

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

Thank God my brain is not inclined to cut
Such capers every day! I'm just about
Mellow, but then—There goes the tent-flap shut.
Rain's in the wind. I thought so: every snout
Was twitching when the keeper turned me out.

That screaming parrot makes my blood run cold.
Gabriel's trump! The big bull elephant
Squeals "Rain!" to the parched herd. The monkeys
scold,
And jabber that it's rain water they want.
(It makes me sick to see a monkey pant.)

I'll foot it home, to try and make believe
I'm sober. After this I'll stick to beer,
And drop the circus when the sane folks leave.
A man's a fool to look at things too near:
They look back, and begin to cut up queer.

Beasts do, at any rate, especially
Wild devils caged. They have the coolest way
Of being something else than what you see:
You pass a sleek young zebra nosing hay,
A nylghau looked bored and distingué,—

And think you've seen a donkey and a bird.
Not on your life! Just glance back, if you dare.
The zebra chews, the nylghau hasn't stirred;
But something's happened, Heaven knows what or
where
To freeze your scalp and pompadour your hair.

I'm not precisely an æolian lute
Hung in the wandering winds of sentiment,
But drown me if the ugliest, meanest brute
Grunting and fretting in that sultry tent
Didn't just floor me with embarrassment!

'Twas like a thunder-clap from out the clear,—
One minute they were circus beasts, some grand,
Some ugly, some amusing, and some queer:
Rival attractions to the hobo band,
The flying jenny, and the peanut stand.

Next minute they were old hearth-mates of mine!
Lost people, eyeing me with such a stare!
Patient, satiric, devilish, divine;
A gaze of hopeless envy, squalid care,
Hatred, and thwarted love, and dim despair.

Within my blood my ancient kindred spoke,—
Grotesque and monstrous voices, heard afar
Down ocean caves when behemoth awoke,
Or through fern forests roared the plesiosaur
Locked with the giant bat in ghastly war.

And suddenly, as in a flash of light,
I saw great Nature working out her plan;
Through all her shapes from mastodon to mite
Forever groping, testing, passing on
To find at last the shape and soul of Man.

Till in the fulness of accomplished time,
Comes brother Forepaugh, upon business bent,
Tracks her through frozen and through torrid clime,
And shows us, neatly labeled in a tent,
The stages of her huge experiment;

Blabbing aloud her shy and reticent hours;
 Dragging to light her blinking, slothful moods;
Publishing fretful seasons when her powers
 Worked wild and sullen in her solitudes,
 Or when her mordant laughter shook the woods.

Here, round about me, were her vagrant births;
 Sick dreams she had, fierce projects she essayed;
Her qualms, her fiery prides, her crazy mirths;
 The troublings of her spirit as she strayed,
 Cringed, gloated, mocked, was lordly, was afraid,

On that long road she went to seek mankind;
 Here were the darkling coverts that she beat
To find the Hider she was sent to find;
 Here the distracted footprints of her feet
 Whereby her soul's Desire she came to greet.

But why should they, her botch-work, turn about
 And stare disdain at me, her finished job?
Why was the place one vast suspended shout
 Of laughter? Why did all the daylight throb
 With soundless guffaw and dumb-stricken sob?

Helpless I stood among those awful cages;
 The beasts were walking loose, and I was bagged!
I, I, last product of the toiling ages,
 Goal of heroic feet that never lagged,—
 A little man in trousers, slightly jagged.

Deliver me from such another jury!
 The Judgment Day will be a picnic to 't.
Their satire was more dreadful than their fury,
 And worst of all was just a kind of brute
 Disgust, and giving up, and sinking mute.

Survival of the fittest, adaptation,
 And all their other evolution terms,

Seem to omit one small consideration,
To wit, that tumblebugs and angleworms
Have souls: there's soul in everything that squirms.

And souls are restless, plagued, impatient things,
All dream and unaccountable desire;
Crawling, but pestered with the thought of wings;
Spreading through every inch of earth's old mire
Mystical hanker after something higher.

Wishes *are* horses, as I understand.
I guess a wistful polyp that has strokes
Of feeling faint to gallivant on land
Will come to be a scandal to his folks;
Legs he will sprout, in spite of threats and jokes.

And at the core of every life that crawls
Or runs or flies or vegetates—
Churning the mammoth's heart-blood, in the galls
Of shark and tiger planting gorgeous hates,
Lighting the love of eagles for their mates;

Yes, in the dim brain of the jellied fish
That is and is not living—moved and stirred
From the beginning a mysterious wish,
A vision, a command, a fatal Word:
The name of Man was uttered, and they heard.

Upward along the æons of old war
They sought him: wing and shank-bone, claw
and bill
Were fashioned and rejected; wide and far
They roamed the twilight jungles of their will;
But still they sought him, and desired him still;

Man they desired, but mind you, Perfect Man,
The radiant and loving, yet to be!
I hardly wonder, when they came to scan

The upshot of their strenuosity
They gazed with mixed emotions upon me.

Well, my advice to you is, Face the creatures,
Or spot them sideways with your weather eye,
Just to keep tab on their expansive features;
It isn't pleasant when you're stepping high
To catch a giraffe smiling on the sly.

If nature made you graceful, don't get gay
Back-to before the hippopotamus;
If meek and godly, find some place to play
Besides right where three mad hyenas fuss:
You may hear language that we won't discuss.

If you're a sweet thing in a flower-bed hat,
Or her best fellow with your tie tucked in,
Don't squander love's bright springtime girding at
An old chimpanzee with an Irish chin:
There may be hidden meaning in his grin.

The Fly

WILLIAM BLAKE

Little Fly,
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brushed away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art thou not
A man like me?

For I dance,
And drink, and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength and breath,
And the want
Of thought is death;

Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live,
Or if I die.

The Beetle

WALLACE RICE

Blunders a beetle into the room,
Blunders and drones awhile in our sight,
Blunders away with its meaningless boom,
Seeking escape to the heavens' dim light,
Compelled in its blundering flight,
Compelled to its blundering doom.
It is dark in the womb, dark in the tomb;
Though a lamp in the room and stars in the night
A wider horizon from each attained height
Whence newer stars, meaningless, loom,
All shall blunder and pass, compelled into gloom.

The Blind Men and the Elephant

(A Hindoo Fable)

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind).
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
Cried. "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The *Fourth* reached out an eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,

Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right
And all were in the wrong!

Moral

So, oft in theologic wars,
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

A Conservative

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

The garden beds I wandered by
One bright and cheerful morn,
When I found a new-fledged butterfly,
A-sitting on a thorn,
A black and crimson butterfly,
All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting
To infant butterflies,
So I gazed on this unhappy thing
With wonder and surprise,
While sadly with his waving wing
He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I: "What can the matter be?
Why weepst thou so sore?
With garden fair and sunlight free
And flowers in goodly store:"—
But he only turned away from me
And burst into a roar.

Cried he: "My legs are thin and few
Where once I had a swarm!
Soft fuzzy fur—a joy to view—
Once kept my body warm,
Before these flapping wing-things grew,
To hamper and deform!"

At that outrageous bug I shot
The fury of mine eye;
Said I, in scorn all burning hot,
In rage and anger high:
"You ignominious idiot!
Those wings are made to fly!"

"I do not want to fly," said he,
"I only want to squirm!"
And he drooped his wings dejectedly,
But still his voice was firm:
"I do not want to be a fly!
I want to be a worm!"

O yesterday of unknown lack!
Today of unknown bliss!
I left my fool in red and black,
The last I saw was this,—
The creature madly climbing back
Into his chrysalis.

The Conqueror Worm

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Lo! 'Tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years.
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sits in a theater to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly;
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their condor wings
Invisible woe.

That motley drama—oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased forevermore
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot;
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude:
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal pangs!
The mimes become its food,

And seraphs sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbrued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!
And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, “Man,”
And its hero, the Conqueror Worm.

XI

OUR FATHER, TIME

XI

OUR FATHER, TIME

The Mystery

G. F. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG

Year after year
The leaf and the shoot;
The babe and the nestling,
The worm at the root;
The bride at the altar,
The corpse on the bier—
The Earth and its story,
Year after year.

Whither are tending,
And whence do they rise,
The cycles of changes,
The worlds in their skies,
The seasons that rolled
Ere I flashed from the gloom,
And will roll on as now
When I'm dust in the tomb?

The Bourne

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

Underneath the growing grass,
Underneath the living flowers,
Deeper than the sound of showers:
There we shall not count the hours
By the shadows as they pass.

Youth and health will be but vain,
Beauty reckoned of no worth:
There a very little girth
Can hold round what once the earth
Seemed too narrow to contain.

The Two Highwaymen

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

I long have had a quarrel set with Time
Because he robbed me. Every day of life
Was wrested from me after bitter strife:
I never yet could see the sun go down
But I was angry in my heart, nor hear
The leaves fall in the wind without a tear
Over the dying summer. I have known
No truce with Time nor Time's accomplice, Death.

The fair world is the witness of a crime
Repeated every hour. For life and breath
Are sweet to all who live; and bitterly
The voices of these robbers of the heath
Sound in each ear and chill the passer-by.

What have we done to thee, thou monstrous Time?
What have we done to Death that we must die?

Mutability

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

From low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail:
A musical but melancholy chime
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,

That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

Euthanasia

GEORGE GORDON BYRON, LORD BYRON

When Time, or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,
To weep or wish the coming blow;
No maiden with disheveled hair,
To feel or feign decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,
With no officious mourners near;
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
Nor startle friendship with a tear.

Yet Love, if Love at such an hour
Could nobly check its useless sighs,
Might then exert its latest power
In her who lives and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last
Thy features still serene to see;
Forgetful of its struggles past,
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish—for Beauty still
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath

And woman's tears, produced at will,
Deceive in life, unman at death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,
Without regret, without a groan;
For thousands Death has ceased to lour,
And pain been transient or unknown.

"Aye, but to die and go," alas!
Where all have gone, and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe.

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

Terminus

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

It is time to be old,
To take in sail:—
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: "No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root.
Fancy departs: no more invent;
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.

Timely wise accept the terms,
Soften the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And—fault of novel germs,—
Mature the unfallen fruit.
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins,—
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the Gladiators, halt and numb.”

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
“Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.

To Age

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Welcome, old friend! These many years
Have we lived door by door:
The Fates have laid aside their shears
Perhaps for some few more.

I was indocile at an age
When better boys were taught,

But thou at length hast made me sage,
If I am sage in aught.

Little I know from other men,
Too little they from me,
But thou hast pointed well the pen
That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope,
One vile, the other vain;
One's scourge, the other's telescope,
I shall not see again.

Rather what lies before my feet
My notice shall engage—
He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat
Dreads not the frost of Age.

Life

CLARENCE DARROW

All men do the best they can. But none meet life honestly and few heroically. But, do we want life? It is only by avoiding pain and seeking pleasure that life is preserved. It is a biological question as well as a question of fact. After all, finally, life is lost. Each one must work out one's own life, and is entitled to neither credit nor blame for working it out.

All thinkers have ever answered the questions about the meaning, plan, scheme, and end of all, the same: that there is no guide and no light. Constant activity is the only answer to the meaning of life.

The purpose of life is living. Men and women should get the most they can out of their lives. The smallest, the tiniest intellect may be quite as valuable to society as the largest. It may be still more valuable to itself; it may have all the capacity for enjoyment that the wisest has. The purpose of

man is like the purpose of the pollywog—to wiggle along as far as he can without dying; or, to hang to life until death takes him.

Old Age and Religion

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Very few attain ripe senescence in religion, and realize that there is no external god, but only physical and human nature, and no immortality save that of our offspring or our influence. All who fall short of this are arrested in juvenile, or even in infantile, stages of development. So in all matters relating to sex, marriage, family, most remain the slaves of the *mores* of their age and land, and do not realize the pregnant sense in which love and freedom, the greatest words in our language, should be wedded.

Waiting

CLARENCE DARROW

All my life I have been planning and hoping and thinking and dreaming and loitering and waiting. All my life I have been getting ready to begin to do something worth the while. I have been waiting for the summer and waiting for the fall; I have been waiting for the winter and waiting for the spring; waiting for the night and waiting for the morning; waiting and dawdling and dreaming, until the day is almost spent and the twilight close at hand.

Old Folk and Morality

C. E. M. JOAD

Herd morality, which is based upon fear and envy, is made effective by blame. In modern society the power to blame is chiefly expressed in two ways. First, by the old whose morality consists in blaming the young; secondly, by the average whose censure descends upon the exceptional.

Upon the part played by the old in maintaining morality I do not wish to dwell, since it differs little today from what it has always been. A mistake which all societies have made is to entrust the management of their affairs to the old. Old men are naturally more vindictive, bad tempered, malevolent, and narrow-minded than young ones. They are easily provoked to disapproval, and dislike more things than they like. Having for the most part lived their own lives, they have nothing left to do but interfere in the lives of others. They form the governments, misrepresent the people whom they oppress, preach to the people whom they exploit, and teach the people whom they deceive. They mete out rewards and punishments, sentence criminals to death, direct businesses, make laws which they have no temptation to disobey and wars in which they do not propose to fight. If the country were handed over exclusively to the governance of men under thirty-five, and everybody over that age were forbidden to interfere on pain of being sent to the lethal chamber, it would be a happier and a better place. Unfortunately the young men are too busy trying to make a living in the subordinate positions to which the old men grudgingly admit them to have the time or energy to interfere with other people. Besides, being young, they wish to live, a process for which the regulation of the lives of others is a poor substitute.

In the sphere of morality the function of the old is confined to discovering methods of deterring the young from pleasures of which they themselves are no longer capable. Old men give young men good advice, no longer being able to give them bad examples, and old women invent a symbolic Mrs. Grundy to intimidate their daughters into resisting the temptations which now pass them by. The deterrent influences so exercised are called morality, under which name they impose on the young who will not have caught their elders lying often enough to disbelieve them, until they have begun to produce sons and daughters of their own, by which time they will be only too ready to abet the prevailing hypocrisy.

The other strand in the fabric of modern morality has already been noticed as the tendency of the weaker to get even with the stronger by taking it out of him on moral grounds. Morals, it is thought, are everybody's privilege and everybody's possession. Few of us can understand Einstein's theory of relativity, but we all know the difference between right and wrong. Hence the man who is deficient in talent can make up for it in virtue, and by assuring himself that God's noblest work is an honest man, put brains and capacity in their proper place.

XII

DEATH AND LOVE

XII

DEATH AND LOVE

Epicurean

WILLIAM JAMES LINTON

In Childhood's unsuspecting hours
The fairies crowned my head with flowers.

Youth came: I lay at Beauty's feet;
She smiled and said my song was sweet.

Then Age, and, Love no longer mine,
My brows I shaded with the vine.

With flowers and love and wine and song,
O Death! life hath not been too long.

Illic Jacet

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

Oh hard is the bed they have made him,
And common the blanket and cheap;
But there he will lie as they laid him:
Where else could you trust him to sleep?

To sleep when the bugle is crying
And cravens have heard and are brave,
When mothers and sweethearts are sighing
And lads are in love with the grave.

Oh dark is the chamber and lonely,
And lights and companions depart;
But lief he will lose them and only
Behold the desire of his heart.

And low is the roof, but it covers
A sleeper content to repose;
And far from his friends and his lovers
He lies with the sweetheart he chose.

Life

EUGENE WARE

Life is a game of whist. From unknown sources
The cards are shuffled and the hands are dealt,
Blind are our efforts to control the forces
That though unseen are no less strongly felt.
I do not like the way the cards are shuffled,
But still I like the game and want to play
And through the long, long night, I play unruffled,
The cards I get until the break of day.

The Card-Dealer

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Could you not drink her gaze like wine?
Yet though its splendor swoon
Into the silence languidly
As a tune into a tune,
Those eyes unravel the coiled night
And know the stars at noon.

The gold that's heaped beside her hand,
In truth rich prize it were;
And rich the dreams that wreath her brows
With magic stillness there;
And he were rich who should unwind
That woven golden hair.

Around her, where she sits, the dance
Now breathes its eager heat;
And not more lightly or more true

Fall there the dancers' feet
Than fall her cards on the bright board
As 'twere a heart that beat.

Her fingers let them softly through,
Smooth polished silent things;
And each one as it falls reflects
In swift light-shadowings,
Blood-red and purple, green and blue,
The great eyes of her rings.

Whom plays she with? With thee, who lov'st
Those gems upon her hand;
With me, who search her secret brows;
With all men, blessed or banned.
We play together, she and we,
Within a vain strange land.

A land without any order,—
Day even as night, (one saith)—
Where who lieth down ariseth not
Nor the sleeper awakeneth;
A land of darkness as darkness itself
And of the shadow of death.

What be her cards, you ask? Even these:—
The heart, that doth but crave
More, having fed; the diamond,
Skilled to make base seem brave;
The club, for smiting in the dark;
The spade, to dig a grave.

And do you ask what game she plays?
With me 'tis lost or won;
With thee it is playing still; with him
It is not well begun;
But 'tis a game she plays with all
Beneath the sway o' the sun.

Thou seest the card that falls,—she knows
The card that followeth:
Her game in thy tongue is called Life,
As ebbs thy daily breath:
When she shall speak, thou'lt learn her tongue
And know she calls it Death.

What Matters It?

GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON

What reck we of the creeds of men?—
We see them—we shall see again.
What reck we of the tempest's shock?
What reck we where our anchor lock?
On golden mark or mould—
In salt-sea flower or riven rock—
What matter—so it hold?

What matters it the spot we fill
On Earth's green sod when all is said?—
When feet and hands and heart are still
And all our pulses quieted?
When hate or love can kill nor thrill,—
When we are done with life, and dead?

So we be haunted night nor day
By any sin that we have sinned,
What matter where we dream away
The ages?—In the isles of Ind,
In Tybee, Cuba, or Cathay,
Or in some world of winter wind?

It may be I would wish to sleep
Beneath the wan, white stars of June,
And hear the southern breezes creep
Between me and the mellow moon;
But so I do not wake to weep
At any night or any noon,

And so the generous gods allow
Repose and peace from evil dreams,
It matters little where or how
My couch be spread:—by moving streams,
Or on some ancient mountain's brow
Kissed by the morn's or sunset's beams.

For we shall rest; the brain that planned,
That thought or wrought or well or ill,
At gaze like Joshua's moon shall stand,
Not working any work or will,
While eye and lip and heart and hand
Shall all be still—shall all be still!

Ignorance of Death

SAMUEL BUTLER

The fear of death is instinctive because in so many past generations we have feared it. But how did we come to know what death is so that we should fear it? The answer is that we do not know what death is and that this is why we fear it.

If a man know not life which he hath seen how shall he know death which he hath not seen?

If a man has sent his teeth and his hair and perhaps two or three limbs to the grave before him, the presumption should be that, as he knows nothing further of these when they have once left him, so he will know nothing of the rest of him when it too is dead. The whole may be surely argued from the parts.

To write about death is to write about that of which we have had little practical experience. We can write about conscious life, but we have no consciousness of the deaths we daily die. Besides, we cannot eat our cake and have it. We cannot have *tabulæ rasæ* and *tabulæ scriptæ* at the same time. We cannot be at once dead enough to be reasonably registered as such, and alive enough to be able to tell people all about it.

There will come a supreme moment in which there will be care neither for ourselves nor for others, but a complete abandon, a *sans souci* of unspeakable indifference, and this moment will never be taken from us; time cannot rob us of it but, as far as we are concerned, it will last for ever and ever without flying. So that, even for the most wretched and most guilty, there is a heaven at last where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal. To himself every one is an immortal; he may know that he is going to die, but he can never know that he is dead.

If life is an illusion, then so is death—the greatest of all illusions. If life must not be taken too seriously—then so neither must death.

The dead are often just as living to us as the living are, only we cannot get them to believe it. They can come to us, but till we die we cannot go to them. To be dead is to be unable to understand that one is alive.

Experience

EDITH WHARTON

I

Like Crusoe with the bootless gold we stand
Upon the desert verge of death, and say:
“What shall avail the woes of yesterday
To buy tomorrow’s wisdom, in the land
Whose currency is strange unto our hand?
In life’s small market they had served to pay
Some late-found rapture, could we but delay
Till Time hath matched our means to our demand.”

But otherwise Fate wills it, for, behold,
Our gathered strength of individual pain,
When Time’s long alchemy hath made it gold,
Dies with us—hoarded all these years in vain,

Since those that might be heir to it the mould
Renew, and coin themselves new griefs again.

II

O Death, we come full-handed to thy gate,
Rich with strange burden of the mingled years,
Gains and renunciations, mirth and tears,
And love's oblivion, and remembering hate,
Nor know we what compulsion laid such freight
Upon our souls—and shall our hopes and fears
Buy nothing of thee, Death? Behold our wares,
And sell us the one joy for which we wait.

Had we lived longer, life had such for sale,
With the last coin of sorrow purchased cheap,
But now we stand before thy shadowy pale,
And all our longings lie within thy keep—
Death, can it be the years shall nought avail?—
“Not so,” Death answered, “they shall purchase sleep.”

Death and Memories

GEORGE MOORE

Death is in such strange contradiction to life that it is no matter for wonder that we recoil from it, and find recompense in perceiving that those we have loved live in our memories as intensely as if they were still before our eyes; and it would seem, therefore, that we should garner and treasure our past and forbear to regret partings with too much grief, however dear our friends may be; for by parting from them all their imperfections will pass out of sight, and they will become dearer and nearer to us. The present is no more than a little arid sand dribbling through the neck of an hour glass; but the past may be compared to a shrine in the coign of some sea-cliff, whither the white birds of recollections come to roost and rest awhile, and fly away again into the distance. But the

shrine is never deserted. For away up the horizon line other white birds come, wheeling and circling, to take the place of those that have left and are leaving.

Love, Time, and Death

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

Ah, me, dread friends of mine,—Love, Time, and Death:
Sweet Love, who came to me on shining wing,
And gave her to my arms,—her lips, her breath,
And all her golden ringlets clustering:
And Time, who gathers in the flying years,
He gave me all, but where is all he gave?
He took my love and left me barren tears;
Weary and lone I follow to the grave.
There Death will end this vision half-divine.
Wan Death, who waits in shadow evermore,
And silent, ere he give the sudden sign;
Oh, gently lead me through thy narrow door,
Thou gentle Death, thou trustiest friend of mine—
Ah me, for Love—will Death my Love restore?

Thoughts on the Shape of the Human Body

RUPERT BROOKE

How can we find? how can we rest? how can
We, being gods, win joy, or peace, being man?
We, the gaunt zanies of a witless Fate,
Forget the moment ere the moment slips,
Kiss with blind lips that seek beyond the lips,
Who want, and know not what we want, and cry
With crooked mouths for Heaven, and throw it by.
Love's for completeness! No perfection grows
'Twixt leg, and arm, elbow, and ear, and nose,
And joint, and socket; but unsatisfied
Sprawling desires, shapeless, perverse, denied.
Finger with finger wreathes; we love, and gape,

Fantastic shape to mazed fantastic shape,
Straggling, irregular, perplexed, embossed,
Grotesquely twined, extravagantly lost
By crescive paths and strange protuberant ways
From sanity and from wholeness and from grace.
How can love triumph, how can solace be,
Where fever turns toward fever, knee toward knee?
Could we but fill to harmony, and dwell
Simple as our thought and as perfectible,
Rise disentangled from humanity
Strange whole and new into simplicity,
Grow to a radiant round love, and bear
Unfluctuant passion for some perfect sphere,
Love moon to moon unquestioning, and be
Like the star Lunisequa, steadfastly
Following the round clear orb of her delight,
Patiently ever, through the eternal night!

No Longer Mourn for Me

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell;
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

Sonnet

(Suggested by Mr. Watts's Picture of Love and Death)

LADY BLANCHE ELIZABETH LINDSAY

Yea, Love is strong as life; he casts out fear,
And wrath, and hate, and all our envious foes;
He stands upon the threshold, quick to close
The gate of happiness ere should appear
Death's dreaded presence—aye, but Death draws near,
And large and gray the towering outline grows,
Whose face is veiled and hid; and yet Love knows
Full well, too well, alas! that Death is here.

Death tramples on the roses; Death comes in,
Though Love, with outstretched arms and wings out-
spread,
Would bar the way—poor Love, whose wings begin
To droop, half-torn as are the roses dead
Already at his feet—but Death must win,
And Love grows faint beneath that ponderous tread.

The Great Misgiving

WILLIAM WATSON

“Not ours,” say some, “the thought of death to dread;
Asking no heaven, we fear no fabled hell:
Life is a feast, and we have banqueted—
Shall not the worms as well?”

“The after-silence, when the feast is o’er,
And void the places where the minstrels stood,
Differs in nought from what hath been before,
And is nor ill nor good.”

Ah, but the Apparition—the dumb sign—
The beckoning finger bidding me forgo
The fellowship, the converse, and the wine,
The songs, the festal glow!

And ah, to know not, while with friends I sit,
And while the purple joy is passed about,
Whether 'tis ampler day divinely lit
Or homeless night without;

And whether, stepping forth, my soul shall see
New prospects, or fall sheer—a blinded thing!
There is, O Grave, thy hourly victory,
And there, O death, thy sting.

A Tribute to Ebon C. Ingersoll

BY HIS BROTHER, ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

*The record of a generous life runs like a vine around the memory
of our dead, and every sweet, unselfish act is now a perfumed flower.*

Dear Friends: I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but, being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak

and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights, and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor, and wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "For Justice all place a temple, and all season, summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

And now, to you, who have been chosen, from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust.

Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no gentler, stronger, manlier man

The Hill

RUPERT BROOKE

Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill,
Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.
You said, "Through glory and ecstasy we pass;
Wind, sun, and earth remain, the birds sing still,
When we are old, are old" . . . "And when we die
All's over that is ours; and life burns on
Through other lovers, other lips," said I,—
"Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is won!"

"We are Earth's best, that learnt her lesson here.
Life is our cry. We have kept the faith!" we said;
"We shall go down with unreluctant tread
Rose-crowned into the darkness!" . . . Proud we
were,
And laughed, that had such brave true things to
say.—
And then you suddenly cried, and turned away.

When I Am Dead, My Dearest

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me,
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:

And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Fidele

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

XIII

IN TIME TO COME

XIII

IN TIME TO COME

Ulysses

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times have I enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known: cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little; and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,

A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

.
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought
with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men who strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are:
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Darwinism

A. MARY F. ROBINSON

When first the unflowering Fern-forest
Shadowed the dim lagoons of old,
A vague unconscious long unrest
Swayed the great fronds of green and gold.

Until the flexible stems grew rude,
The fronds began to branch and bower,
And, lo! upon the unblossoming wood
There breaks a dawn of apple-flower.

Then on the fruitful forest-boughs
For ages long the unquiet ape
Swung happy in his airy house
And plucked the apple and sucked the grape.

Until in him at length there stirred
The old, unchanged, remote distress,
That pierced his world of wind and bird
With some divine unhappiness.

Not Love, nor the wild fruits he sought;
Nor the fierce battle of his clan
Could still the unborn and aching thought
Until the brute became the man.

Long since. . . . And now the same unrest
Goads to the same invisible goal,
Till some new gift, undreamed, unguessed,
End the new travail of the soul.

From—The Altar of Righteousness

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Ages and creeds that drift
Through change and cloud uplift
The soul that soars and seeks her sovereign shrine,
Her faith's veiled altar, there

To find, when praise and prayer
Fall baffled, if the darkness be divine.

Lights change and shift through star and sun:
Night, clothed with might of immemorial years,
is one.

Day, born and slain of night,
Hath hardly life in sight
As she that bears and slays him and survives,
And gives us back for one
Cloud-thwarted fiery sun
The myriad mysteries of the lambent lives
Whose starry soundless music saith
That light and life wax perfect even through night
and death.

In vain had darkness heard
Light speak the lustrous word
That cast out faith in all save truth and love:
In vain death's quickening rod
Bade man rise up as God,
Touched as with life unknown in heaven above:
Fear turned his light of love to fire
That wasted earth, yet might not slay the soul's
desire.

Though death seem life, and night
Bid fear call darkness light,
Time, faith, and hope keep trust, through sorrow
and shame,
Till Christ, by Paul cast out,
Return, and all the rout
Of raging slaves whose prayer defiles his name
Rush headlong to the deep, and die,
And leave no sign to say that faith once heard them
lie.

Poetry, Art, Religion

JOHN DEWEY

Poetry, art, religion are precious things. They cannot be maintained by lingering in the past and futilely wishing to restore what the movement of events in science, industry, and politics has destroyed. They are an out-flowering of thought and desires that unconsciously converge into a disposition of imagination as a result of thousands and thousands of daily episodes and contact. They cannot be willed into existence or coerced into being. The wind of the spirit bloweth where it listeth and the kingdom of God in such things does not come with observation. But while it is impossible to retain and recover by deliberate volition old sources of religion and art that have been discredited, it is possible to expedite the development of the vital sources of a religion and art that are yet to be. Not indeed by action directly aimed at their production, but by substituting faith in the active tendencies of the day for dread and dislike of them, and by the courage of intelligence to follow whither social and scientific changes direct us. We are weak today in ideal matters because intelligence is divorced from aspiration. The bare force of circumstance compels us onwards in the daily detail of our beliefs and acts, but our deeper thoughts and desires turn backwards. When philosophy shall have coöperated with the course of events and made clear and coherent the meaning of the daily detail, science and emotion will interpenetrate, practice and imagination will embrace. Poetry and religious feeling will be the unforced flowers of life. To further this articulation and revelation of the meanings of the current course of events is the task and problem of philosophy in the days of transition.

Possible Mental Powers

JULIAN S. HUXLEY

Our own mental powers are not only relative, developed in adaptive relation to the world around us, but there is no reason whatever for supposing them in any way complete. I do not mean theoretically or logically complete—all are agreed upon their incompleteness in this view; but practically, from the standpoint of evolution, there is no inherent reason why the average or the best present human minds should represent the limit of possibility. The mind even of a stupid man can grasp and deal with problems entirely out of the range of a cat's mind; and the problems with which the mind of a great mathematician, or indeed of any genius, deal are at least as high again above those which our stupid friend can tackle. Even if we leave genius on one side, the world would be a very different place if the average inborn ability of men were as high as the average of the most able ten per cent of the population today. But there is no reason to leave genius on one side, nor to refuse to face the possibility that mind could be developed by selection to a pitch which would bring its owners to the same height of incomprehensibility to us at our present level of mind, as is our present level to the cats and dogs who sit by the fire and hear us talking, but cannot comprehend.

From—Things and Ideals

M. C. OTT

What noble things might be accomplished if we recognized in our insistence upon cosmic companionship a deflection of the desire for fellowship with our kind, and in the craving for transcendental support of our ideals a distortion of our deep interest in human well-being and progress!

The Real Bible

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

For thousands of years men have been writing the real Bible, and it is being written from day to day, and it will never be finished while man has life. All the facts that we know, all the truly recorded events, all the discoveries and inventions, all the wonderful machines whose wheels and levers seem to think, all the poems, crystals from the brain, flowers from the heart, all the songs of love and joy, of smiles and tears, the great dramas of Imagination's world, the wondrous paintings, the miracles of form and color, of light and shade, the marvelous marbles that seem to live and breathe, the secrets told by rock and star, by dust and flower, by rain and snow, by frost and flame, by winding stream and desert sand, by mountain range and billowed sea.

All the wisdom that lengthens and ennobles life—all that avoids or cures disease, or conquers pain—all just and perfect laws and rules that guide and shape our lives, all thoughts that feed the flames of love, the music that transfigures, enraptures and enthralls, the victories of heart and brain, the miracles that hands have wrought, the deft and cunning hands of those who worked for wife and child, the histories of noble deeds, of brave and useful men, of faithful, loving wives, of quenchless mother-love, of conflicts for the right, of sufferings for the truth, of all the best that all the men and women of the world have said, and thought and done through all the years.

These treasures of the heart and brain—these are the Sacred Scriptures of the human race.

Accept Our Universe

M. C. OTT

One tragic result of our diverted aspiration is that the conditions of life are fixed by those who have no concern for human destiny, either in this world or any other. There have

always been men who, granted earthly success, were willing, like Macbeth, "to jump the life to come." That they have urged the mass of mankind to be faithful to their orisons, have indeed insisted upon this, is true enough. They have often been superstitious, even if not idealistic, and they have sometimes been unscrupulously clever, persuading us to fasten our eyes upon the sky that they might the more readily relieve us of things which we are slow to surrender voluntarily and deliberately. In any case, while unbelievable control has been won over natural forces, opening up almost unlimited opportunities for improving the conditions of life, it is a fact almost too notorious to bear mentioning again that the right to exploit these resources has passed into the hands of those who have been able to seize them and to turn them to their own advantage. It has always been a step towards a more worthy social economy, towards a better general chance at a more fortunate existence, when men and women have refused to be put off with the promise of a supernatural recompense for actual earthly defeat; when they have dared to entrust their destiny to the social devices their combined aspiration and intelligence might invent.

It is thus a constructive social suggestion that we endeavor to give up, as the basis of our desire to win a satisfactory life, the quest for the companionship with a being behind or within the fleeting aspect of nature; that we assume the universe to be indifferent towards the human venture that means everything to us; that we acknowledge ourselves to be adrift in infinite space on our little earth, the sole custodians of our ideals. There need be no spirit of defiance in this, no bitterness, no shrill declaration that

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul."

Defiance testifies that the challenge has not really been accepted. No; accept the stern condition of being psychically

alone in all the reach of space and time, that we may then, with new zest, enter the warm valley of earthly existence—warm with human impulse, aspiration, and affection, warm with the unconquerable thing called life; turn from the recognition of our cosmic isolation to a new sense of human togetherness, and so discover in a growing human solidarity, in a progressively ennobled humanity, in an increasing joy in living, the goal we have all along blindly sought, and build on earth the fair city we have looked for in a compensatory world beyond.

Vistas of the Future

HAVELOCK ELLIS

The vistas that are opened up when we realize the direction in which the human race is traveling may seem to be endless; and so in a sense they are. Man has replaced the gods he once dreamed of; he has found that he is himself a god, who, however realistic he seeks to make his philosophy, himself created the world as he sees it and now has even acquired the power of creating himself, or, rather, of re-creating himself. For he recognizes that, at present, he is rather a poor sort of god, so much an inferior god that he is hardly, if at all, to be distinguished from the Lords of Hell.

The divine creative task of man extends into the future far beyond the present, and we cannot too often meditate on the words of the wisest and noblest forerunner of the future: "The whole world lies before us like a quarry before the master-builder, who is only then worthy of the name when out of this casual mass of natural material he has embodied with all his best economy, adaptability to the end, and firmness, the image which has arisen in his mind. Everything outside us is only the means for this constructing process, yes, I would even dare to say, also everything inside us; deep within lies the creative force which is able to form what it will, and gives us no rest until, without us or within us, in

one or the other way, we have finally given it representation." The future, with all its possibilities, is still a future infinitely far away, however well it may be to fix our eyes on the constellation towards which our solar system may seem to be moving across the sky.

Meanwhile, every well-directed step, while it brings us but ever so little nearer to the far goal around which our dreams may play, is at once a beautiful process and an invigorating effort, and thereby becomes in itself a desirable end. It is the little things of life which give us most satisfaction and the smallest things in our path that may seem most worth while.

The Newer Conception of God

THE REVEREND J. M. WILSON

I cannot but say that I believe that some day our conception of God will have become independent of nearly all that has come into it from the primitive Jewish tribal and other pagan conceptions of God which have passed into Christianity, and that our conception will be constantly renewed and growing from all human knowledge and experience, from all science, philosophy, and psychology.

From—Prometheus Unbound

(Act III, Scene IV: Spirit of the Hour)

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

As I have said, I floated to the earth;
It was, as it is still, the pain of bliss
To move, to breathe, to be. I wandering went
Among the haunts and dwellings of mankind,
And first was disappointed not to see
Such mighty change as I had felt within
Expressed in outward things; but soon I looked,
And behold, thrones were kingless, and men walked
One with the other even as spirits do—

None fawned, none trampled; hate, disdain, or fear,
Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows
No more inscribed, as o'er the gate of hell,
"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."
None frowned, none trembled, none with eager fear
Gazed on another's eye of cold command,
Until the subject of a tyrant's will
Became, worse fate, the object of his own,
Which spurred him, like an outspent horse, to death.
None wrought his lips in truth-entangling lines
Which smiled the lie his tongue disdained to speak.
None, with firm sneer, trod out in his own heart
The sparks of love and hope till there remained
Those bitter ashes, a soul self-consumed,
And the wretch crept a vampire among men,
Infecting all with his own hideous ill.
None talked that common, false, cold, hollow talk
Which makes the heart deny the *yes* it breathes,
Yet question that unmeant hypocrisy
With such a self-mistrust as has no name.
And women, too, frank, beautiful, and kind,
As the free heaven which rains fresh light and dew
On the wide earth, passed; gentle, radiant forms,
From custom's evil taint exempt and pure;
Speaking the wisdom once they could not think,
Looking emotions once they feared to feel,
And changed to all which once they dared not be,
Yet being now, made earth like heaven; nor pride,
Nor jealousy, nor envy, nor ill shame,
The bitterest of those drops of treasured gall,
Spoiled the sweet taste of the nepenthe, love.

Thrones, altars, judgment-seats, and prison, wherein,
And beside which, by wretched men were borne
Scepters, tiaras, swords, and chains, and tomes
Of reasoned wrong, glozed on by ignorance,

Were like those monstrous and barbaric shapes,
The ghosts of a no-more-remembered fame
Which from their unworn obelisks, look forth
In triumph o'er the palaces and tombs
Of those who were their conquerors; mouldering
round,

Those imaged to the pride of kings and priests
A dark yet mighty faith, a power as wide
As is the world it wasted, and are now
But an astonishment; even so the tools
And emblems of its last captivity,
Amid the dwellings of the peopled earth,
Stand, not o'erthrown, but unregarded now,
And those foul shapes—abhorred by god and man,
Which, under many a name and many a form
Strange, savage, ghastly, dark, and execrable,
Were Jupiter, the tyrant of the world,
And which the nations, panic-stricken, served
With blood, and hearts broken by long hope, and love
Dragged to his altars soiled and garlandless,
And slain among man's unreclaiming tears,
Flattering the thing they feared, which fear was
hate,—

Frown, mouldering fast, o'er their abandoned shrines.
The painted veil, by those who were, called life,
Which mimicked, as with colors idly spread,
All men believed and hoped, is torn aside;
The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains
Scepterless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself; just, gentle, wise, but man
Passionless—no, yet free from guilt or pain,
Which were, for his will made or suffered them;
Nor yet exempt, though ruling them like slaves,
From chance, and death, and mutability,

The clogs of that which else might oversoar
The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.

From—The Ode to Liberty

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Oh, that the free would stamp the odious name
Of King into the dust! or write it there,
So that this blot upon the page of fame
Were as a serpent's path, which the light air
Erases, and the flat sands close behind!
Ye the oracle have heard,
Lift the victory-flashing sword,
And cut the snaky knots of this foul gordian word,
Which, weak itself as stubble, yet can bind
Into a mass, irrefragably firm,
The axes and the rods which awe mankind;
The sound has poison in it, 'tis the sperm
Of what makes life foul, cankerous, and abhorred;
Disdain not thou, at thine appointed term,
To set thine armèd heel on this reluctant worm.

Oh, that the wise from their bright minds would kindle
Such lamps within the dome of this dim world,
That the pale name of Priest might shrink and dwindle
Into the hell from which it first was hurled,
A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure;
Till human thoughts might kneel alone,
Each before the judgment-throne
Of its own aweless soul, or of the power unknown!
Oh, that the words which make the thoughts obscure
From which they spring, as clouds of glimmering dew
From a white lake blot heaven's blue portraiture,
Were stripped of their thin masks and various hue

And frowns and smiles and splendors not their own,
Till in the nakedness of false and true
They stand before their Lord, each to receive its due.

He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever
Can be between the cradle and the grave
Crowned him the King of Life. Oh, vain endeavor!
If on his own high will, a willing slave,
He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor.
What if earth can clothe and feed
Amplest millions at their need,
And power in thought be as the tree within the seed?
Oh, what if Art, an ardent intercessor,
Driving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,
Checks the great mother stooping to caress her
And cries: "Give me, thy child, dominion
Over all height and depth?" if Life can breed
New wants, and wealth from those who toil and groan
Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousandfold for one.

Puritans and Birth-Control

C. E. M. JOAD

Deep down in most of us there lurks something of the old Puritanical attitude, which insists that pleasure cannot or should not be had without paying for it. This at least is true of pleasures we do not share. And it is this sentiment which is outraged by the immunity from the consequences of sexual pleasure which birth-control confers. The Puritans objected to bear-baiting not so much because of the pain which it gave to the bear, as because of the pleasure which it gave to the spectators. In the same way the great mass of decent middle-class citizens object to birth-control not because of the evil which it does to the race, but because of the pleasure

which it gives to those who practise it. The Puritans are up in arms; the dowagers, the aunts, the old maids, the parsons, the town councilors, the clerks, the members of Vigilance Committees and Purity Leagues, all those who are themselves too old to enjoy sex, too unattractive to obtain what they would wish to enjoy, or too respectable to prefer enjoyment to respectability—in a word, the makers of public opinion—are outraged in their deepest feelings by the prospect of shameless, harmless, and unlimited pleasure which birth-control offers to the young. And if they can stop it it will be stopped.

Hence concurrently with the increased freedom which economic independence and birth-control will give to young people, and to young women in particular, there is likely to be a growth in restrictive and purely inhibitory morality on the part of the middle-aged.

We are in, then, for a wave of Puritanism on the one hand combined with the possibility of a new liberty of action on the other. What will be the outcome?

Liberty

CLARENCE DARROW

Liberty is the most jealous and exacting mistress that can beguile the brain and soul of man. She will have nothing from him who will not give her all. She knows that his pretended love serves but to betray. But when once the fierce heat of her quenchless, lustrous eyes has burned into the victim's heart, he will know no other smile but hers. Liberty will have none but the great devoted souls, and by her glorious visions, her lavish promises, her boundless hopes, her infinitely witching charms, she lures her victims over hard and stony ways, by desolate and dangerous paths, through misery, obloquy and want to a martyr's cruel death.

The Seven Seals

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

There is a well-known passage in Goethe's *Faust* where he likens History to the Book with Seven Seals described in Revelation, which no one in heaven, or on the earth or under the earth, was able to open and read therein. All sorts of guesses have been hazarded as to its contents by Augustine, Orosius, Otto of Freising, Bossuet, Bolingbroke, Voltaire, Herder, Hegel, and many others, but none of them were able to break the seals, and all of them were gravely misled by their fragmentary knowledge of the book's contents. For now we see that the seven seals were seven great ignorances. No one knew much (1) of man's physical nature, or (2) the workings of his thoughts and desires, or (3) of the world in which he lives, or (4) of how he has come about as a race, or (5) of how he develops as an individual from a tiny egg, or (6) how deeply and permanently he is affected by the often forgotten impressions of infancy and childhood, or (7) how his ancestors lived for hundreds of thousands of years in the dark ignorance of savagery.

The seals are all off now. The book at last lies open before those who are capable of reading it, and few they be as yet; for most of us still cling to the guesses made in regard to its contents before anyone knew what was in it. We have become attached to the familiar old stories which now prove to be fictions, and we find it hard to reconcile ourselves to the many hard sayings which the book proves to contain—its constant stress on the stupidity of "good" people; its scorn for the respectable and normal, which it often reduces to little more than sanctimonious routine and indolence and pious resentment as being disturbed in one's complacent assurances. Indeed, much of its teaching appears downright immoral according to existing standards.

Ourselves Responsible

M. C. OTT

To save human life from ultimate defeat may indeed be out of the question, for the cosmos appears indifferent to the drama enacted on our planet. But, after all, nothing can defeat man but man himself. It is predicted that as the earth now sleeps every year for a winter, as we sleep every day for a night, so by and by the earth shall refuse to awake, as we rest at last in the sleep that nothing disturbs. It is predicted that then the uninhabited earth shall, like the moon, "roll its pale corpse in space," until it collides with the no-longer procreant sun, and the whole lifeless mass, ignited by the terrific shock shall burst, to float a gigantic fiery veil in the boundless vast.

Let it be so. Meanwhile millions upon millions of human beings will strive and suffer and enjoy. They will suffer more and more and enjoy less and less, or suffer less and less and enjoy more and more. And the chief source of their misery or happiness will be human beings and in the structure of society. It will be defeat if in the distant future the coöperative adventure of making human life richer and happier is interrupted by a change in the cosmic weather, but a kind of defeat which is at the same time the highest form of victory. *Real* defeat will overtake humanity only in so far as men themselves, forgetting that they are comrades in doom and agents of each other's woe or weal, go down the years estranged from the one friend they have—each other.

Liberty

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

O Liberty, thou art the god of my idolatry! Thou art the only deity that hateth bended knees. In thy vast and unwall'd temple, beneath the roofless dome, star-gemmed and luminous with suns, thy worshipers stand erect! They do not cringe, or

crawl, or bend their foreheads to the earth. The dust has never borne the impress of their lips. Upon thy altars mothers do not sacrifice their babes, nor men their rights. Thou askest nought from man except the things that good men hate—the whip, the chain, the dungeon key. Thou hast no popes, no priests, who stand between their fellow-men and thee. Thou carest not for foolish forms, or selfish prayers. At thy sacred shrine hypocrisy does not bow, virtue does not tremble, superstition's feeble tapers do not burn, but Reason holds aloft her inextinguishable torch whose holy light will one day flood the world.

Scientific Inventions Revolutionary

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

While our information in regard to man and the world is incalculably greater than that available a hundred, even fifty years ago, we must frankly admit that the knowledge is still so novel, so imperfectly assimilated, so inadequately coördinated, and so feebly and ineffectively presented to the great mass of men, that its *direct* effects upon human impulses and reasoning and outlook are as yet inconsiderable and disappointing. We *might* think in terms of molecules and atoms, but we rarely do. Few have any more knowledge of their own bodily operations than had their grandparents. The farmer's confidence in the phases of the moon gives way but very slowly before recent discoveries in regard to the bacteria of the soil. Few who use the telephone, ride on electric cars, and carry a camera have even the mildest curiosity in regard to how these things work. It is only *indirectly*, through *invention*, that scientific knowledge touches our lives on every hand, modifying our environment, altering our daily habits, dislocating the anciently established order, and imposing the burden of constant adaptation on even the most ignorant and lethargic.

Unlike a great part of man's earlier thought, modern

scientific knowledge and theory have not remained matter merely for academic discourse and learned books, but have provoked the invention of innumerable practical devices which surround us on every hand, and from which we can now scarce escape by land or sea. Thus while scientific knowledge has not greatly affected the thoughts of most of us, its influence in the promotion of modern invention has served to place us in a new setting or environment, the novel features of which it would be no small task to explain to one's great-great-grandfather, should he unexpectedly apply for up-to-date information. So even if modern scientific *knowledge* is as yet so imperfect and ill understood as to make it impossible for us to apply much of it directly and personally in our daily conduct, we nevertheless cannot neglect the urgent effects of scientific *inventions*, for they are constantly posing new problems of adjustment to us, and sometimes disposing of old ones.

Cor Cordium

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

- O heart of hearts, the chalice of love's fire,
Hid round with flowers and all the beauty of bloom;
O wonderful and perfect heart, for whom
The lyrist liberty made life a lyre;
O heavenly heart, at whose most dear desire
Dead love, living and singing, cleft his tomb,
And with him risen and regent in death's room
All day thy choral pulses rang full choir;
O heart whose beating blood was running song,
O sole thing sweeter than thine own songs were,
Help us for thy free love's sake to be free,
True for thy truth's sake, for thy strength's sake strong,
Till very liberty make clean and fair
The nursing earth as the sepulchral sea.

XIV
BEYOND THIS LIFE

XIV

BEYOND THIS LIFE

Proof and Personality

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

I neither affirm nor deny the immortality of man. I see no reason for believing it, but, on the other hand, I have no means of disproving it. I have no *a priori* objections to the doctrine. No man who has to deal daily and hourly with nature can trouble himself about *a priori* difficulties. Give me such evidence as would justify me in believing in anything else, and I will believe that. Why should I not? It is not half so wonderful as the conservation of force or the indestructibility of matter. . . .

It is of no use to talk to me of analogies and probabilities. I know what I mean when I say I believe in the law of the inverse squares, and I will not rest my life and my hopes upon weaker convictions. . . .

That my personality is the surest thing I know may be true. But the attempt to conceive what it is leads me into mere verbal subtleties. I have champed up all that stuff about the ego and the non-ego, noumena and phenomena, and all the rest of it, too often not to know that in attempting even to think of these questions, the human intellect flounders at once out of its depth.

Evidence Demanded

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

I have never had the least sympathy with the *a priori* reasons against orthodoxy, and I have by nature and disposition the greatest possible antipathy to all the atheistic and infidel school. Nevertheless I know that I am, in spite of myself,

exactly what the Christian would call, and, so far as I can see, is justified in calling, atheist and infidel. I cannot see one shadow or tittle of evidence that the great unknown underlying the phenomenon of the universe stands to us in the relation of a Father—loves us and cares for us as Christianity asserts. So with regard to the other great Christian dogmas, immortality of soul and future state of rewards and punishments, what possible objection can I—who am compelled perforce to believe in the immortality of what we call Matter and Force, and in a very unmistakable *present* state of rewards and punishments for our deeds—have to these doctrines? Give me a scintilla of evidence, and I am ready to jump at them.

A Dead March

COSMO MONKHOUSE

Play me a march, low-toned and slow—a march for a silent tread,
Fit for the wandering feet of one who dreams of the silent dead,
Lonely, between the bones below and the souls that are overhead.

Here for a while they smiled and sang, alive in the interspace,
Here with the grass beneath the foot, and the stars above the face,
Now are their feet beneath the grass, and whither has flown their grace?

Who shall assure us whence they come, or tell us the way they go?
Verily, life with them was joy, and, now they have left us, woe,
Once they were not, and now they are not, and this is the sum we know.

Orderly roll the seasons due, and orderly roll the stars.
How shall we deem the soldier brave who frets of his wounds
and scars?

Are we as senseless brutes that we should dash at the well-
seen bars?

No, we are here, with feet unfix'd, but ever as if with lead
Drawn from the orbs which shine above to the orb on which
we tread,
Down to the dust from which we came and with which we
shall mingle dead.

No, we are here to wait, and work, and strain our banished
eyes,
Weary and sick of soil and toil, and hungry and fain for
skies
Far from the reach of wingless men, and not to be scaled
with cries.

No, we are here to bend our necks to the yoke of tyrant
Time,
Welcoming all the gifts he gives us—glories of youth and
prime,
Patiently watching them all depart as our heads grow white
as rime.

Why do we mourn the days that go—for the same sun shines
each day,
Ever a spring her primrose hath, and ever a May her may;
Sweet as the rose that died last year is the rose that is born
today.

Do we not too return, we men, as ever the round earth
whirls?
Never a head is dimmed with gray but another is sunned
with curls;
She was a girl and he was a boy, but yet there are boys and
girls.

Ah, but alas for the smile of smiles that never but one face
wore;

Ah, for the voice that has flown away like a bird to an unseen
shore;

Ah, for the face—the flower of flowers—that blossoms on
earth no more.

The Preacher Speaks

ECCLESIASTES

I

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts;
even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the
other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no
preëminence above a beast: for all is vanity.

All go into one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to
dust again.

Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and
the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that
a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his por-
tion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

II

This is an evil among all things that are done under the
sun, that there is one event unto all: yea, also the heart of
the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart
while they love, and after that they go to the dead.

For to him that is joined to all the living there is hope: for
a living dog is better than a dead lion.

For the living know that they shall die: but the dead
know not anything, neither have they any more a reward;
for the memory of them is forgotten.

Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now
perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in
anything that is done under the sun.

Immortality

JOHN LIDDELL KELLY

At twenty-five I cast my horoscope,
And saw a future with all good things rife—
A firm assurance of eternal life
In worlds beyond, and in this world the hope
Of deathless fame. But now my sun doth slope
To setting, and the toil of sordid strife,
The care of food and raiment, child and wife,
Have dimmed and narrowed all my spirit's scope.

Eternal life—a river gulfed in sands!
Undying fame—a rainbow lost in clouds!
What hope of immortality remains
But this: "Some soul that lives and understands
Shall save thee from the darkness that enshrouds";
And this: "Thy blood shall course in others'
veins"?

The Life We Live in Others

SAMUEL BUTLER

A man should spend his life or, rather, does spend his life, in being born. His life is his birth-throes. But most men miscarry and never come to the true birth at all and some live but a very short time in a very little world and none are eternal. Still, the life we live beyond the grave is our truest life, and our happiest, for we pass it in the profoundest sleep as though we were children in our cradles. If we are wronged it hurts us not; if we wrong others, we do not suffer for it; and when we die, as even the Handels and Belinis and Shakespeares sooner or later do, we die easily, know neither fear nor pain and live anew in the lives of those who have been begotten of our work and who have for the time come up in our room.

An immortal like Shakespeare knows nothing of his own immortality about which we are so keenly conscious. As he knows nothing of it when it is in its highest vitality, centuries, it may be, after his apparent death, so it is best and happiest if during his bodily life he should think little or nothing about it and perhaps hardly suspect that he will live after his death at all.

The Pantheist's Song of Immortality

CONSTANCE C. W. NADEN

Bring snow-white lilies, pallid heart-flushed roses,
Enwreath her brow with heavy scented flowers;
In soft undreaming sleep her head reposes,
While, unregretted, pass the sunlit hours,

Few sorrows did she know—and all are over;
A thousand joys—but they are all forgot;
Her life was one fair dream of friend and lover,
And were they false—ah, well, she knows it not.

Look in her face and lose thy dread of dying;
Weep not that rest will come, that toil will cease;
Is it not well to lie as she is lying,
In utter silence, and in perfect peace.

Canst thou repine that sentient days are numbered?
Death is unconscious Life, that waits for birth;
So didst thou live, while yet thine embryo slumbered,
Senseless, unbreathing, even as heaven and earth.

Then shrink no more from Death, though Life be gladness,
Nor seek him, restless in thy lonely pain;
The law of joy ordains each hour of sadness,
And, firm or frail, thou canst not live in vain.

What though thy name by no sad lips be spoken,
And no fond heart shall keep thy memory green?

Thou yet shalt leave thine own enduring token,
For earth is not as though thou ne'er hadst been.

See yon broad current, hasting to the ocean,
Its ripples glorious in the western red:
Each wavelet passes, trackless; yet its motion
Has changed for evermore the river bed.

Ah, wherefore weep, although the form and fashion
Of what thou seemest fades like sunset flame?
'The uncreated Source of toil and passion
Through everlasting change abides the same.

Yes, thou shalt die: but these almighty forces,
That meet to form thee, live for evermore;
They hold the suns in their eternal courses,
And shape the tiny sand-grains on the shore.

Be calmly glad, thine own true kindred seeing
In fire and storm, in flowers with dew impearled;
Rejoice in thine imperishable being,
One with the essence of the boundless world.

The West

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

Beyond the moor and mountain crest—
Comrade, look not on the west—
The sun is down and drinks away
From air and land the lees of day.

The long cloud and the single pine
Sentinel the ending line,
And out beyond it, clear and wan,
Reach the gulfs of evening on.

The son of woman turns his brow
West from forty counties now,

And, as the edge of heaven he eyes,
Thinks eternal thoughts, and sighs.

Oh, wide's the world, to rest or roam,
With change abroad and cheer at home,
Fights and furloughs, talk and tale,
Company and beef and ale.

But if I front the evening sky
Silent on the west look I,
And my comrade, stride for stride,
Paces silent by my side.

Comrade, look not on the west:
'Twill have the heart out of your breast;
'Twill take your thoughts and sink them far,
Leagues beyond the sunset bar.

Oh, Lad, I fear that yon's the sea
Where they fished for you and me,
And there, from whence we both were ta'en,
You and I shall drown again.

Send not on your soul before
To dive from that beguiling shore,
And let not yet the swimmer leave
His clothes upon the sands of eve.

Too fast to yonder stand forlorn
We journey, to the sunken bourn,
To flush the fading tinges eyed
By other lads at eventide.

Wide is the world, to rest or roam,
And early 'tis for turning home:
Plant your heel on earth and stand,
And let's forget our native land.

When you and I are spilt on air
Long we shall be strangers there;
Friends of flesh and bone are best:
Comrade, look not on the west.

The Soul Stithy

JAMES CHAPMAN WOODS

My soul, asleep between its body throes,
Mid leagues of darkness watched a furnace glare,
And breastless arms that wrought laborious there,—
Power without plan, wherefrom no purpose grows,—
Welding white metal on a forge with blows,
Whence streamed the singing sparks like flaming hair,
Which whirling gusts ever abroad would bear:
And still the stithy hammers fell and rose.

And then I knew those sparks were souls of men,
And watched them driven like starlets down the wind.
A myriad died and left no trace to tell;
An hour like will-o'-the-wisps some lit the fen;
Now one would leave a trail of fire behind:
And still the stithy hammers rose and fell.

The Stars

ERASMUS DARWIN

Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime,
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of Time;
Near and more near your beamy cars approach;
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
Flowers of the sky! we too to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field.
Star after star from Heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems, systems crush,
Headlong extinct to one dark center fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all:

Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal Nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same!

Evolution

JOHN BANISTER TABB

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

Two Sonnets

ROBERT BUCHANAN

I

Children indeed are we—children that wait
Within a wondrous dwelling, while on high
Stretch the sad vapors and the voiceless sky;
The house is fair, yet all is desolate
Because our Father comes not; clouds of fate
Sadden above us—shivering we espy
The passing rain, the cloud before the gate,
And cry to one another, "He is nigh!"

At early morning, with a shining Face
He left us innocent and lily-crowned;
And now this late—night cometh on apace—
We hold each other's hands and look around,
Frighted at our own shades! Heaven send us grace!
When He returns, all will be sleeping sound.

II

When He returns, and finds the world so drear,
All sleeping, young and old, unfair and fair,
Will He stoop down and whisper in each ear,
"Awaken!" or for pity's sake forbear,
Saying, "How shall I meet their frozen state
Of wonder, and their eyes so full of fear?
How shall I comfort them in their despair,
If they cry out, 'Too late! let us sleep here?'"

Perchance He will not wake us up, but when
He sees us look so happy in our rest,
Will murmur, "Poor dead women and dead men!
Dire was their doom, and weary was their quest.
Wherefore awake them into life again?
Let them sleep on untroubled—it is best."

Soul and Body

SAMUEL WADDINGTON

Where wert thou, Soul, ere yet my body born
Became thy dwelling-place? Didst thou on earth,
Or in the clouds, await this body's birth?
Or by what chance upon that winter's morn
Didst thou this body find, a babe forlorn?
Didst thou in sorrow enter, or in mirth?
Or for a jest, perchance, to try its worth
Thou tookest flesh, ne'er from it to be torn?

Nay, Soul, I will not mock thee; well I know
Thou wert not on the earth, nor in the sky;
For with my body's growth thou too didst grow;
But with that body's death wilt thou too die?
I know not, and thou canst not tell me, so
In doubt we'll go together,—thou and I.

Man's Cosmic Importance

GEORG BRANDES

The longing of the individual for infinite happiness rests upon the belief that this infinite happiness is attainable by man. But this belief, in its turn, rests upon the individual's Romantic conviction of his own infinite importance. The doctrine of immortality itself is only a result of belief in the cosmic importance of the individual, and this belief in the infinite importance of each separate individual is genuinely medieval.

Science and Death

DOCTOR C. MACLAURIN

Twentieth-century biological science appears to result in a kind of vague pantheism, coupled with a generous hedonism. Scientific men appear to find their pleasure, not like the old Greeks, sought by each man for himself, but rather in "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." It is difficult for a modern man to feel entirely happy while he knows of the vast amount of incurable misery that exists in the world. The idea of Heaven is simply an idea that the atrocious injustice and unhappiness of life in this world must be balanced by equally great happiness in the life to come; but is there any evidence to favor such a belief? Is there any evidence throughout Nature that the spirit of justice is anything but a dream of man himself which is never to be fulfilled? We do not like to speak of "death," but prefer rather to avoid the hated term by some journalistic periphrasis, such as "solved the great enigma." But is there any enigma? Or are we going to solve it? Is it not more likely that our protoplasm is destined to become dissolved into its primordial electrons, and ultimately to be lost in the general ocean of ether, and that when we die we shall solve no enigma, because there is no enigma to solve?

To sum up, death probably does not hurt nearly so much as the ordinary sufferings which are the lot of everybody in living; the act of death is probably no more terrible than our nightly falling asleep; and probably the condition of everlasting rest is what Fate has in store for us, and we can face it bravely without flinching when our time comes. But whether we flinch or not will not matter; we have to die all the same, and we shall be less likely to flinch if we can feel that we have tried to do our duty. And what are we to say of a man who has seen his duty, and urgently longed to perform it, but has failed because God has not given him sufficient strength? "*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*," as old Ovid said of himself. If there is any enigma at all, it lies in the frustrated longings and bitter disappointment of that man.

Probably the best shield throughout life against the atrocious evils and injustices which every man has to suffer is a kind of humorous fatalism which holds that other people have suffered as much as ourselves; and that nothing much matters so long as we do our duty in the sphere to which Fate has called us. A kindly irony which enables us to laugh at the world and sympathize with its troubles is a very powerful aid in the battle; and if a doctor does his part in alleviating pain and postponing death—if he does his best for rich and poor, and always listens to the cry of the afflicted,—and if he endeavors to leave his wife and children in a position better than he himself began, I do not see what more can be expected of him either in this world or the next. And probably Huxley was not far wrong when he said: "I have no faith, very little hope, and as much charity as I can afford." It is amazing that there are some people in this world today who look upon a man who professes these merciful sentiments as a miscreant doomed to eternal flames because he will not profess to believe in their own particular form of religion. They think they have answered him when they proclaim that his creed is sterile.

XV

THE SUM OF LIFE

XV

THE SUM OF LIFE

Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal
Be Proud?

WILLIAM KNOX

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud
Like a swift-flashing meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose
eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The hand of the king, that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest, that the miter hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,—
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;

The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,—
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same things our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we feel the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved,—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned,—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved,—but no wail from their slumbers will
come;
They joyed,—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died,—ah! they died;—we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain:
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

The Common Lot

JAMES MONTGOMERY

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man:—and *who was he?*—
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown,
His name has perished from the earth;
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!—
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O, she was fair!—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
 Encountered all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
 He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins, since the world began,
Of *him* afford no other trace
 Than this,—*there lived a man!*

Why Did I Laugh Tonight?

JOHN KEATS

Why did I laugh tonight? No voice will tell:
 No God, no Demon of severe response,
 Deigns to reply from Heaven or from Hell.
 Then to my human heart I turn at once.
Heart! Thou and I are here sad and alone;
 I say, why did I laugh? O mortal pain!
 O Darkness! Darkness! ever must I moan,
 To question Heaven and Hell and Heart in vain.
Why did I laugh? I know this Being's lease,
 My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads;
 Yet could I on this very midnight cease,
And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds;
 Verse, Fame, and Beauty are intense indeed,
 But Death intenser—Death is Life's high meed.

Laughter and Death

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

There is no laughter in the natural world
Of beast or fish or bird, though no sad doubt
Of their futurity to them unfurled
Has dared to check the mirth-compelling shout.
The lion roars his sleepy thunder out
To the sleeping woods. The eagle screams her cry.
Even the lark must strain a serious throat
To hurl his blest defiance at the sky.

Fear, anger, jealousy, have found a voice.
Love's pain or rapture the brute bosoms swell.
Nature has symbols for her nobler joys,
Her nobler sorrows. Who had dared foretell
That only man, by some sad mockery,
Should learn to laugh who learns he has to die?

King Death

CHARLES SWAIN

King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine,
And he lifted his hand so yellow
And poured out his coal-black wine,
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his coal-black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

The scholar left all his learning,
The poet his fancied woes,

And the beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
And he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

Dum Vivimus Vigilamus

CHARLES HENRY WEBB

Turn out more ale, turn up the light;
I will not go to bed tonight.
Of all the foes that man should dread
The first and worst one is a bed,
Friends have I had both old and young,
And ale we drank and songs we sung:
Enough you know when this is said,
That, one and all, they died in bed.
In bed they died and I'll not go
Where all my friends have perished so.
Go you who glad would buried be,
But not tonight a bed for me.

For me tonight no bed prepare,
But set me out my oaken chair.
And bid no other guests beside
The ghosts that shall around me glide;
In curling smoke-wreaths I shall see
A fair and gentle company.
Though silent all, rare revelers they,
Who leave you not till break of day.
Go you who would not daylight see,

But not tonight a bed for me:
For I've been born and I've been wed—
All of man's peril comes from bed.

And I'll not seek—whate'er befall—
Him who unbidden comes to all.
A grewsome guest, a lean-jawed wight—
God send he do not come tonight!
But if he do, to claim his own,
He shall not find me lying prone;
But blithely, bravely, sitting up,
And raising high the stirrup-cup.
Then if you find a pipe unfilled,
An empty chair, the brown ale spilled;
Well may you know, though nought be said,
That I've been borne away to bed.

Falstaff's Song

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Where's he that died o' Wednesday?
What place on earth hath he?
A tailor's yard beneath, I wot,
Where worms approaching be;
For the wight that died o' Wednesday,
Just laid the light below,
Is dead as the varlet turned to clay
A score of years ago.

Where's he that died o' Sabba' day?
Good Lord, I'd not be he!
The best of days is foul enough
From this world's fare to flee;
And the saint that died o' Sabba' day,
With his grave turf yet to grow,
Is dead as the sinner brought to pray
A hundred years ago.

Where's he that died o' yesterday?
What better chance hath he
To clink the can and toss the pot
When this night's junkets be?
For the lad that died o' yesterday
Is just as dead—ho! ho!—
As the whoreson knave men laid away
A thousand years ago.

The Happy Wanderer

PERCY ADDLESHAW

He is the happy wanderer, who goes
Singing upon his way, with eyes awake
To every scene, with ears alert to take
The sweetness of all sounds; who loves and knows
The secrets of the highway, and the rose
Holds fairer for the wounds the briars make;
Who welcomes rain, that he his thirst may slake,—
The sun, because it dries his dripping clothes;
Treasures experience beyond all store,
Careless if pain or pleasure he shall win,
So that his knowledge widens more and more;
Ready each hour to worship or to sin;
Until tired, wise, content, he halts before
The sign of the Grave, a cool and quiet inn.

Up-Hill

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin,

May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Travelers

PERCY ADDLESHAW

We shall lodge at the sign of the Grave, you say;
Well, the road is a long one we trudge, my friend?
So why should we grieve at the break of the day?
Let us sing, let us drink, let us love, let us play,—
We can keep our sighs for the journey's end.

We shall lodge at the sign of the Grave you say;
Well, since we are nearing our journey's end,
Our hearts shall be happy while yet they may:
Let us sing, let us drink, let us love, let us play,
For perhaps it's a comfortless inn, my friend.

The Garden of Proserpine

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Here, where the world is quiet;
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams;
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,

For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labor,
Weak ships and spirits steer;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,

By cloud and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with pale leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things;
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined things.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
Today will die tomorrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Wends somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light:
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

In Articulo Mortis

DOCTOR C. MACLAURIN

I do not remember to have noticed any of that ecstasy which we are told should attend the dying of the saved. Generally, so far as I have observed, the dying man falls asleep some hours or days before he actually dies, and does not wake again. His breathing becomes more and more feeble; his heart beats more irregularly and feebly, and finally it does not resume; there comes a moment when his face alters indescrib-

ably and his jaw drops; one touches his eyes and they do not respond; one holds a mirror to his mouth and it is not dulled; his wife, kneeling by the bedside, suddenly perceives she is a widow, and cries inconsolably; one turns away sore and grieved and defeated; and that is all about it! There is no more heroism nor pain nor agony in dying than in falling asleep every night. Whether a man has been a good man or a bad does not seem to make any difference. I have seldom seen a death-agony, nor heard a death-rattle that could be distinguished from a commonplace snore. Possibly the muscles may become wanting in oxygenation for some time before actual death, and thrown into convulsive movements like the dance of the highwayman at Tyburn while he was dying of strangulation, and these convulsive movements might be looked upon as a death-agony; but I am quite sure that the patient never feels them. To do so would require that the sense of self-location would persist, but what evidence we have is that that is one of the first senses to depart. Possibly the dying man may have some sensation such as we have all gone through while falling asleep—that feeling as though we are falling, which is supposed to be a survival from the days when we were apes; possibly there may be some giddiness such as attends the going under an anesthetic, and is doubtless to be attributed to the same loss of power of self-location; but the impression that has been forced upon me whenever I have seen any struggling has been that the movements were quite involuntary, purposeless, and meaningless. And anything like an agony or a death-rattle is rare. Far more often the man simply falls asleep, and it may be as difficult to decide when life passes into death as it is to decide when consciousness passes into sleep.

Nature

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him
more;

So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

Vitae Summa Brevis Spem Nos Vetat Incohare Longam

ERNEST DOWSON

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate;
I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses:
Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a time, then closes
Within a dream.

The End

WALLACE RICE

The freeman, wisdom saith, thinks least on death:
No man with soul he dareth call his own
Liveth in dread lest there be no atone
In time to come for yesterday's warm breath,
No more than he for such end hungereth
As falleth those who speed their souls a-groan;
For death's no ghostly thing calling its own,
But life fulfilled. Let cowards cringe to death!

Who giveth, taketh; and the days go by:
No seed sowed we; let him who did, come reap:
Soon, slumber's ours, and everlastingly,
Dreaming or dreamless, rest is coming. Aye,
This much, no more, is known: For thee and me
There cometh rounding of this life in sleep.

Stuff Dreams Are Made On

(The Tempest, Act IV, Scene I)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

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